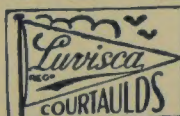


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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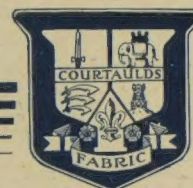
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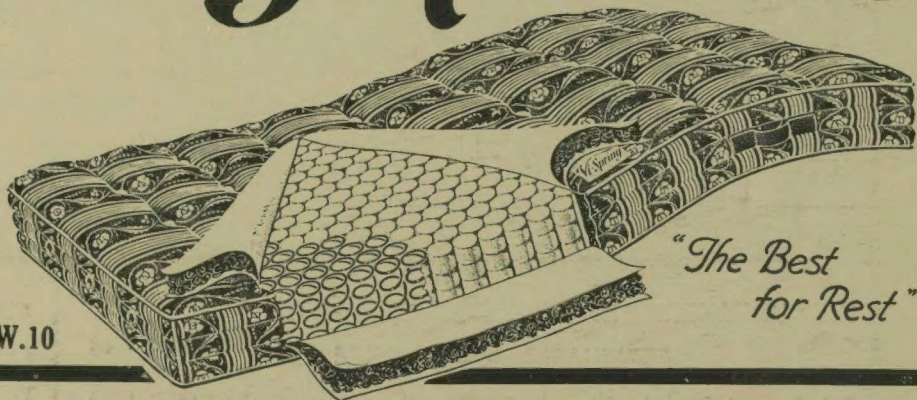
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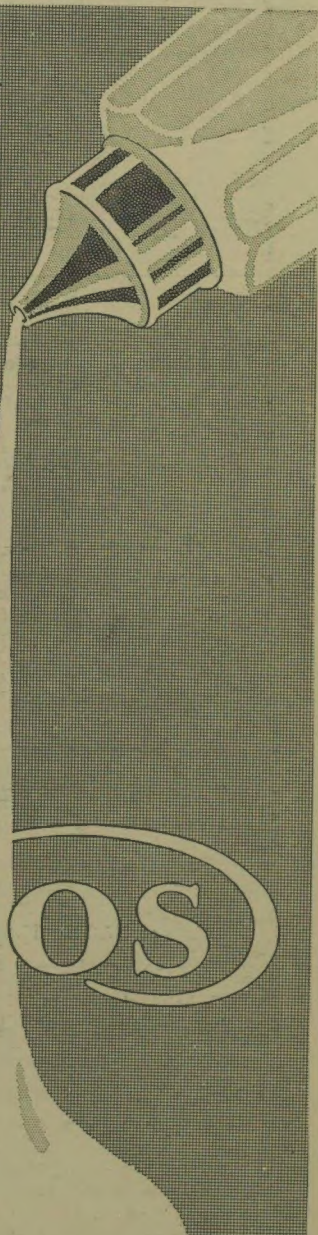
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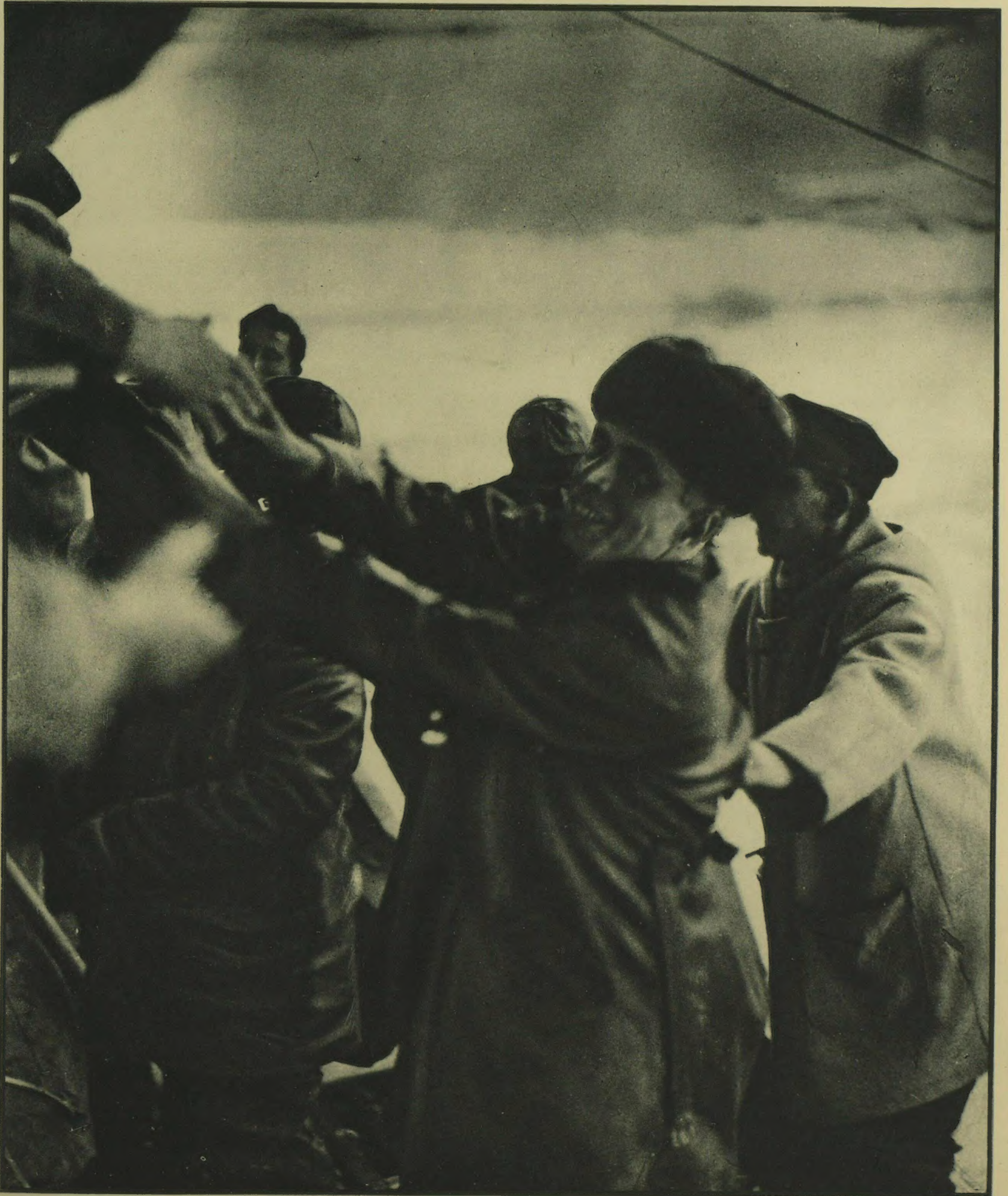




# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1931.



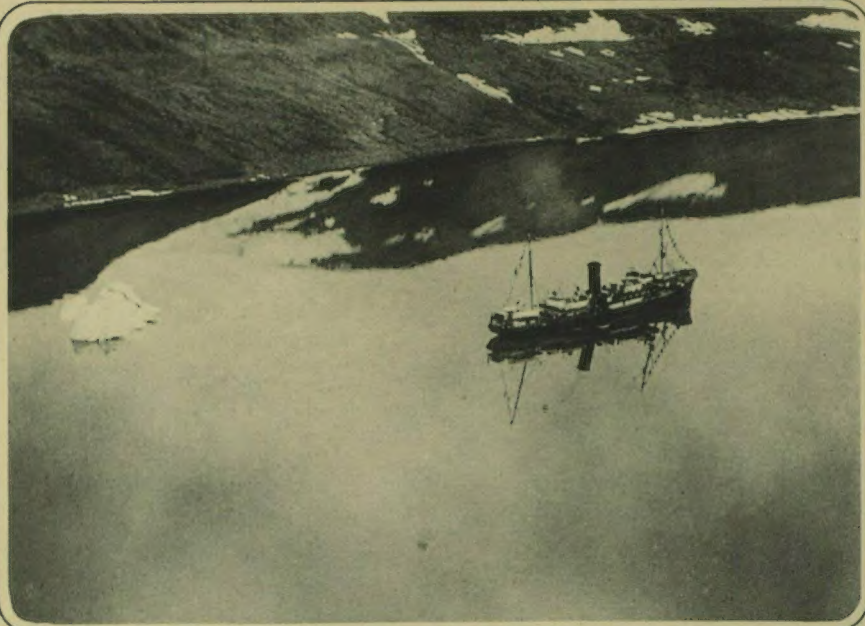
**AFTER THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" HAD DESCENDED ON ARCTIC WATERS ALONGSIDE A RUSSIAN ICE-BREAKER: GENERAL NOBILE (STANDING IN THE "MALYGIN'S" BOAT) GREETING A FRIEND ABOARD THE AIRSHIP.**

Here and on the following two pages we give some remarkable photographs illustrating the recent Arctic flight of the famous German dirigible, the "Graf Zeppelin." The airship started from Friedrichshafen on July 25, and the next day flew northward from Leningrad. She then remained in the air over Arctic regions, including some hitherto unvisited, until she landed at the Berlin airport on July 30 on her return flight. Throughout her voyage she was in

wireless communication with the Russian ice-breaker "Malygin," among whose passengers was General Nobile, formerly commander of the lost airship "Italia." Off Hooker Island, east of Franz Josef Land, the "Graf Zeppelin" was moored and hauled down to the surface beside the ice-breaker. The "Malygin" put out a boat, and members of the two expeditions exchanged greetings. The "Graf Zeppelin" then rose into the air again and resumed her flight.



## ARCTIC EXPLORATION BY AIRSHIP: THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN'S" NORTHERN FLIGHT.



THE RUSSIAN ICE-BREAKER WITH WHICH THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" KEPT AN APPOINTMENT IN THE ARCTIC: THE "MALYGIN" AS SEEN FROM THE AIRSHIP.

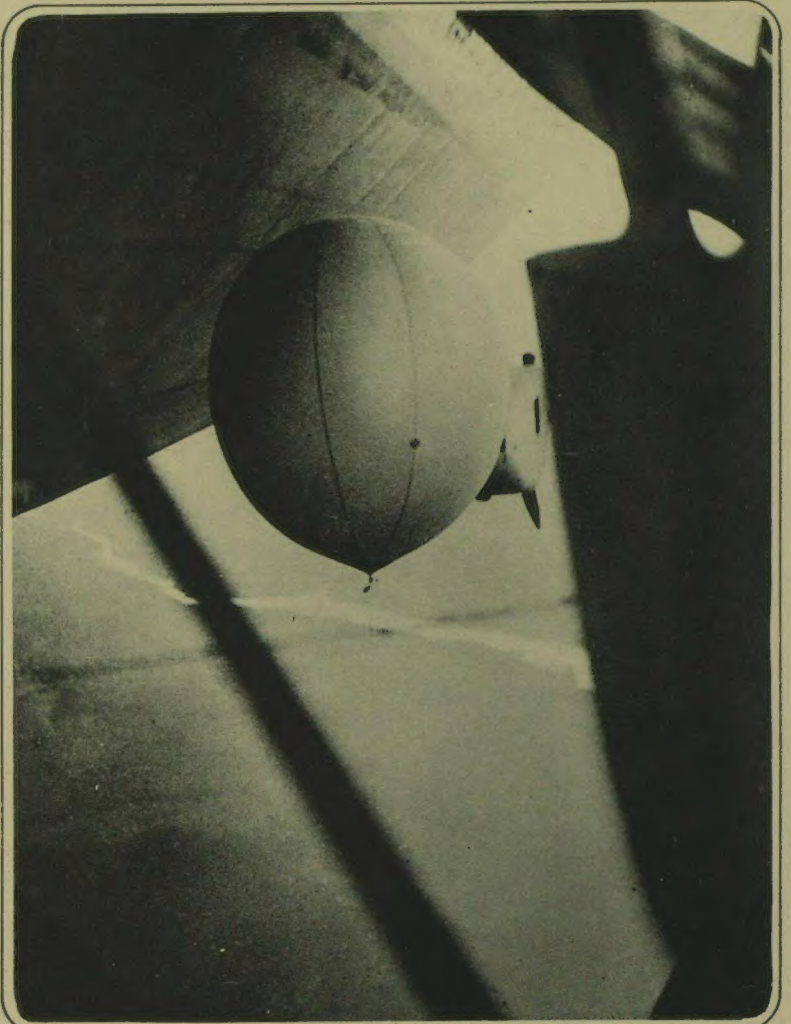


IN THE WIRELESS CABIN OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN": THE OPERATOR (WITH HIS EAR APPLIED TO A KIND OF MEGAPHONE) GETTING INTO TOUCH WITH RADIO STATIONS.



THE AIRSHIP'S COMMANDER AT DINNER, USING PAPIER-MACHE "CROCKERY": DR. ECKENER (CENTRE), WITH HERR KNUT ECKENER (LEFT).

As noted on the preceding front page, the "Graf Zeppelin," under Dr. Eckener, recently carried out, with success a memorable flight over the Arctic Regions, during which new territory was discovered and photographed from the air. After her return it was stated, at the request of the scientists on board, that the airship spent nearly a day cruising over Franz Josef Land, which was reached at midnight on July 27. The aerial survey, it was reported, yielded much new information and made possible a revision of existing data. "The flight was then continued," writes a "Times" correspondent, "to North Land, cartographically an almost unknown area, and here many valuable discoveries were made." A particularly interesting incident of this exploration flight was the meeting, by appointment, with the Soviet ice-breaker "Malygin," with which the airship had been in constant communication by wireless, receiving weather and direction



METEOROLOGICAL APPARATUS CARRIED BY THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN": A SMALL BALLOON (REGISTERING BAROMETRIC DATA AUTOMATICALLY BY WIRELESS) CONSTRUCTED BY PROFESSOR MOTCHANOFF, WHO WAS ON BOARD.



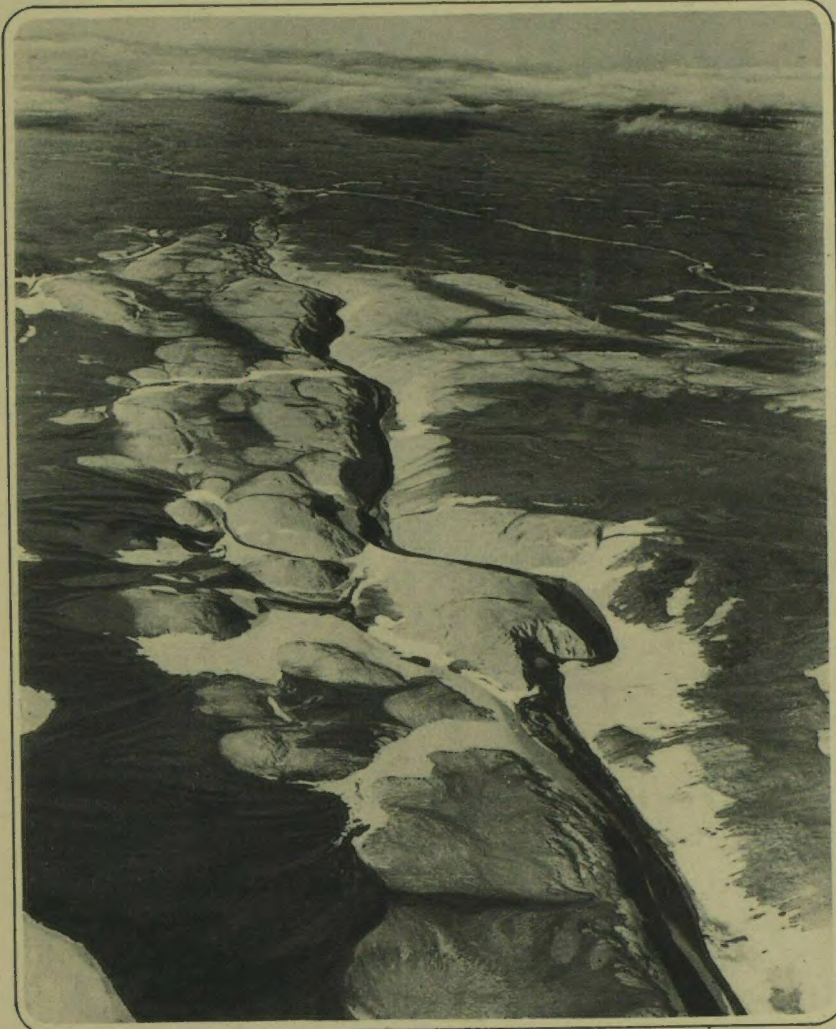
AN EXCHANGE OF MAIL BETWEEN AIRSHIP AND ICE-BREAKER IN THE ARCTIC: PREPARING A POST-BOX ABOARD THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" FOR THE "MALYGIN."

reports. As the "Graf Zeppelin" had flown over large expanses of ice-free sea for some hours before sighting the "Malygin," Dr. Eckener decided to alight alongside the ice-breaker and take in water. First the airship was brought to a position some 250. ft. above the sea, and moored by means of dependent "water anchors" that opened beneath the surface after the manner of umbrellas. Gradually the airship was then hauled down until she rested on the surface, floating on "cushions" filled with air. An inflatable rubber boat was launched

[Continued opposite.]



## UNKNOWN ARCTIC LAND DISCOVERED FROM THE AIR: REMARKABLE GLACIERS.



A STRANGE GLACIER LANDSCAPE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS VISITED BY THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN": A PHOTOGRAPH OF PECULIAR FORMATIONS IN NORTH LAND TAKEN FROM THE AIRSHIP.



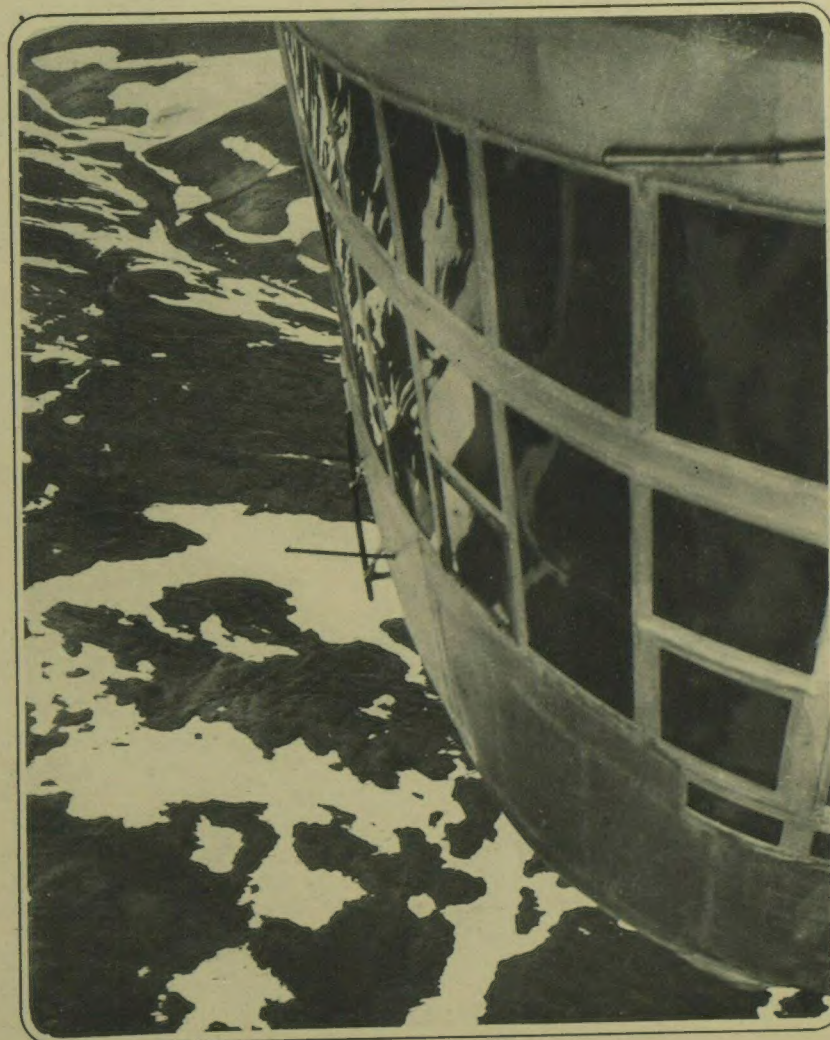
ARCTIC TERRITORY HITHERTO UNSEEN BY HUMAN EYES: WEIRD GLACIER FORMATIONS IN NORTH LAND—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN."

*Continued.*

from the "Graf Zeppelin" and the "Malygin" also put out a boat to help in the mooring operations. Members of the two expeditions were thus able to greet each other, as shown in our front page photograph, and there was also an exchange of mails. The "Malygin," which was commanded by the Russian Polar explorer Professor Wiese, had sailed from Archangel on the first voyage of Arctic exploration in which tourists have ever been able to take part. As already noted, among her passengers was General Nobile, whose adventures after



REMARKABLE GLACIER FORMATIONS SEEN DURING THE AIRSHIP'S ARCTIC FLIGHT: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN."



THE "GONDOLA" OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" DURING HER FLIGHT IN THE ARCTIC: AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE DIRIGIBLE.

the wreck of the Polar airship "Italia," which he commanded, will be remembered as having caused a world-wide stir. The scientific passengers on board the "Graf Zeppelin" included Professor Samoilovitch, who took part in the rescue of General Nobile after the "Italia" disaster, and Professor Motchanoff, of Leningrad, a well-known Russian aerologist, whose test balloons for obtaining meteorological data were carried below the middle of the airship. The emergency equipment comprised four rubber boats and a complete outfit for an Arctic expedition on the surface, and the passengers were instructed in loading and manning boats and sledges in case of mishap. All furniture that could be spared was removed from the airship, so that conditions on board lacked the usual comfort. There was only one table, at which meals were taken in turns, and instead of crockery food was served in plates and cups of *papier-mâché*, thrown overboard after use.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is curious that a great controversy often seems to come in like a lion and go out like a lamb. It seems a strange type of animal evolution; though in truth it applies, among other things, to the evolutionary controversy itself. Evolution meant different things to different people; it was sometimes understood as progress towards a perfection in which the lion would lie down with the lamb; it was sometimes understood as a mere ruthless struggle for life in which the lamb could only lie down inside the lion. But few envisaged the full evolutionary vision, in which the lion turned into the lamb, or *vice versa*; though this was the real possibility on which the whole argument turned. Evolution, and especially natural selection, was originally offered as explaining the difference between lambs and lions. And the latter implied a long process of subtle adaptation, by which lions forced to eat grass might become the ancestors of lambs, or lambs driven to climb trees develop the feline activity of lions. But since that was suggested, the controversy has grown much milder on both sides. The furious rejection of all evolution, which is called Fundamentalism in America, is hardly to be found except in America. It is no longer thought enough for a bishop to make a careful comparison between the Zoological Gardens and the Garden of Eden, as if they were enclosures of exactly the same kind.

On the other hand, many who not only defended but magnified Darwinism are now disposed to minimise it even in order to defend it. They explain that it does not deal with the origin but only the operation of variations. It is certain that those who originated it, those who were present at its own origins, thought it was an explanation of origins. Otherwise they would hardly have given to its great Bible the title of "The Origin of Species." But that is another question; and the only point here is that the whole controversy has grown less controversial. We are always told that the theologians have grown more liberal; but it is at least as true that the scientists have grown more doubtful. The great crisis of the controversy, as a controversy, was about the time when Huxley debated with Wilberforce. And the scene was so intensely dramatic that it is said that women fainted at one of Huxley's passionate retorts. Ladies of the most delicate sensibility might listen to a modern biologist explaining all that is now known, or guessed, or doubted, about the real biological beginnings; and, though they might possibly sleep, they certainly would not swoon. The tone of the whole debate has become much more mellow and moderate. And, what strikes me as really curious or interesting, even a sensation would not seem so sensational as it did at that moment of transition. Everything now in that world is in a state of transition. Transformism itself is being transformed. Discoveries which would once have come like thunderbolts of thought would now trickle down like a lessening shower of rain; from a general vague feeling that the storm is over. If the Missing Link were to turn up after all, I believe he would mingle unobtrusively with the crowd. He would not be universally hailed and fêted as a distinguished foreigner and a fashionable and popular guest, as he would have been in the great days of the nineteenth century.

But there are many other examples of a controversy, in the language of the Stock Exchange, closing weak and quiet. For instance, there is the complete vindication of Mary Queen of Scots. I

mean the complete clearing of that unfortunate lady from the really deadly charges against her. It will always be quite easy, of course, to blame her for this or that action or attitude; as, for instance, for her policy with regard to possible rebellions against Elizabeth. It may be said that Mary conspired against Elizabeth; as if Elizabeth had not been engaged all her life in conspiring against Mary. In that sense, for that matter, most independent sovereigns have held themselves free to conspire against each other; in the sense of having a secret service and even allowing it to do a good many

history. But in the Victorian time, as I remember it in my boyhood, there was a most thrilling and theatrical controversy about Mary. It was about whether she was or was not a murderous adulteress; a woman who assassinated her own lawful husband, in order to give his place to her lover. That was the case against Mary Stuart; and nearly everybody in England, and many people even in Scotland, believed it. They believed it as a thing definitely proved. It is now a thing definitely disproved. I cannot think what would have happened if it had been definitely disproved at the moment when it was most definitely alleged. The authority of all the academic historians would have fallen with a crash. I really think that James Anthony Froude would have died on the spot. At least Thomas Carlyle would have had a very severe fit of indigestion. On the other hand, there was still a large body of men, especially in Scotland, who were ready to stand even against the whole opinion of the age for the Scottish Queen. Ten thousand claymores and dirks would have leapt from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. Again I cannot imagine what would have happened to all these loyal Scots if the lady had been publicly vindicated in their lifetime. I can only suggest, with all respect, that large districts of Scotland would have been drunk for some weeks on end. Andrew Lang, who loved the tragic Queen even when he thought her guilty, would have almost danced the Highland Fling on finding that she was innocent. Yet nobody seems frightfully excited now to find that she was innocent. The proofs of the forgery of the Casket Letters were reproduced in *The Illustrated London News* at the time; I have never seen them reproduced anywhere else in the Press. I have not found many ordinary people who have even heard of the conclusion of the controversy. I have not found so very many who have even heard of the controversy.

I could give a great many other examples of the same thing; admissions in American magazines, which I have just read, that the Spanish-American War was unjust and stupid; which would have led to a man being lynched if uttered after the accidental explosion of the *Maine*. Similar admissions exist, of course, about many similar actions by England and by other powers. The curious thing about these concessions is not that they are sensational, but that they do not make a sensation. I have never seen the thing noted adequately anywhere, except in those remarkable lines of Coventry Patmore, in which he declares that he will sit down by the sea and throw off thoughts of the changes of the world—

Because of me the world's course will not fail:  
When all its work is done, the lie will rot,  
For Truth is great and must prevail  
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

It is somewhat bitterly stated, but it is very acutely noticed. And if anyone will notice the progress and end of controversies, as he goes through life, he will come to the conclusion that Coventry Patmore knew a thing or two. During my own life, many of these lies have rotted; but I regret to say that there were not many men left alive to call them rotten. I will not say that all the work of the lie is done, in the sense that it cannot be undone. But I notice that it was done very noisily and that it is undone very quietly. I notice there is a great row when men stone the prophets; and a great silence while they build their sepulchres.



MR. JOHN THORBURN, THE BRITISH SUBJECT WHOSE DISAPPEARANCE IN CHINA HAS BEEN THE CAUSE OF MUCH DISCUSSION BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND CHINESE GOVERNMENTS.—A PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Early in June it was reported that Mr. John Thorburn had disappeared in China. An official statement issued by the British Consulate at Shanghai later in the month asserted that he was alive and in Chinese military custody at Soochow on June 11, having been arrested near Quinsan on the morning of June 3. The Chinese military authorities, however, denied any such arrest. On July 22, Dr. Dalton stated in the House of Commons that Mr. Arthur Henderson took a very grave view of the disappearance, and that, with the Foreign Secretary's full approval, Sir Miles Lampson, the British Minister, had made strong representations to the Chinese authorities, urging them not to delay their investigations. The British Government argued that, in any case, Mr. Thorburn should be handed over to the International Court for trial, if, for any reason, a trial were deemed necessary. The Chinese Court of Inquiry reported subsequently that all concerned denied knowledge of the arrest of any foreigner. Since then there has been much further discussion, and, on July 28, Sir Miles Lampson flew to Nanking with the intention of getting into personal touch with Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, the President of the Chinese National Government. As we write, the Chinese authorities still deny knowledge and Mr. Thorburn is still missing. Mr. John Thorburn, it may be added, is nineteen. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy, and has been in China for three years, in business with his father in Shanghai.

things that had to be kept secret. But those were not the charges against Mary which constituted the controversy about Mary. They would have been charges against almost any other sovereign in



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**MAJOR F. H. W. FETHERSTONHAUGH.**  
Manager of the King's racing stable at Newmarket, and of the racing studs at Sandringham and Newmarket. Died, July 29; aged seventy-three.



**SIR GEORGE MAY.**  
Chairman of the Committee on National Expenditure which issued its report on July 31. Their suggested "cuts" affected, among other subjects, Unemployment benefit.



**THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. JOHN THORBURN: THE MISSING MAN AS A SEA SCOUT (IN 1928 OR 1929), AND AS A SHANGHAI VOLUNTEER.**  
The disappearance of Mr. John Thorburn in China has been the subject of representations by the British Government to the Chinese Nationalist Government. Further details will be found under a portrait of Mr. Thorburn on our Notebook page.



**M. BOURGAULT.**  
Pilot in the French Schneider Trophy Team. Killed, July 30, while testing a machine at the Etang de Berre, near Marseilles—apparently owing to the breaking of the propeller.



**CAPTAIN MONTI.**  
Member of Italian Schneider Trophy Team in 1929. Was killed when his machine dived into Lake Garda, off Desenzano, on August 2, during an experimental flight.



**CANON DALTON.**  
Steward of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Died, July 27; aged ninety-two. Appointed tutor to King George and his elder brother, 1871. Sailed with them on their world cruise as midshipmen in the "Bacchante," 1882.



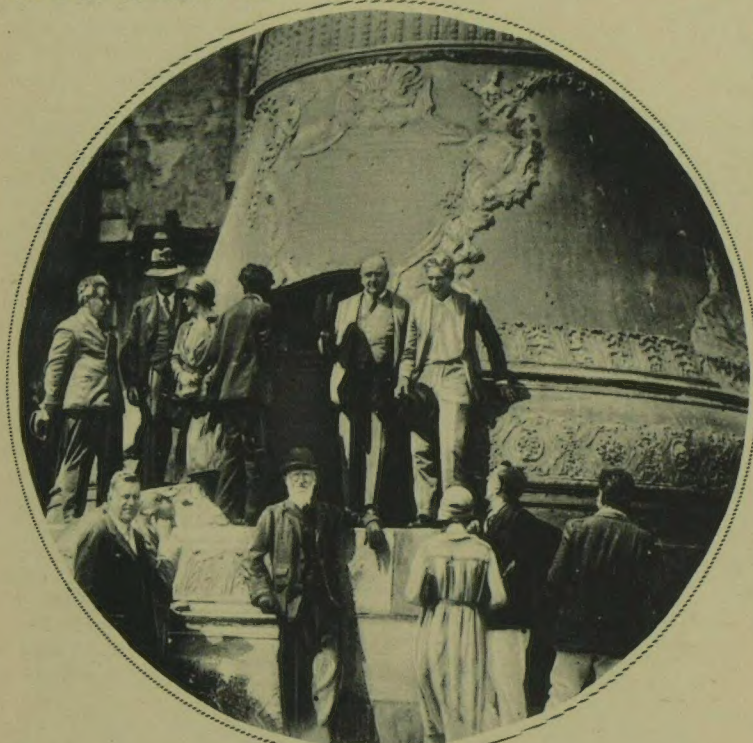
**MR. F. A. MACKENZIE.**  
Journalist and war correspondent. Died, at Zeist, in Holland, on July 31; aged sixty-one. Correspondent of the "Chicago Daily News" in Russia and Northern Europe, 1921.



**SIR HENRY BUCKINGHAM.**  
M.P. for Guildford since 1922. Died August 1; aged sixty-four. An authority on income taxation, and at one time chairman of the Executive Committee of the Income-Taxpayers' Society.

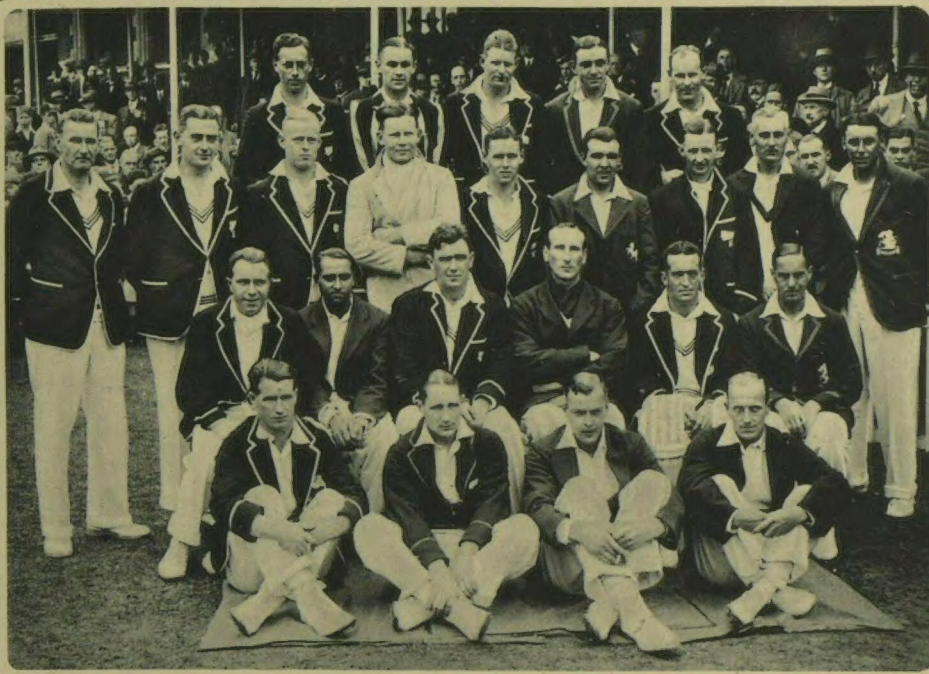


**MR. A. LANFRANCHI.**  
Winner of the Britannia International Challenge Trophy presented by the Prince of Wales for boats of the National Dinghy Class, in the international meeting at Chiswick.



**MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AND LADY ASTOR IN RUSSIA: BY THE GREAT IVAN BELL IN THE KREMLIN.**

Mr. Bernard Shaw recently paid a visit to Soviet Russia, and Lady Astor was of the same party. He expressed his assent when Lady Astor stated: "We were astonished at what we saw in Russia, and more at what they intend to do than what they have done." Mr. Shaw is reported to have said: "After you have seen Bolshevism on the spot there can be no doubt but that capitalism is doomed."



**THE SECOND TEST MATCH WITH NEW ZEALAND: THE ENGLISH AND THE NEW ZEALAND CRICKETERS.**

England beat New Zealand at the Oval on July 31 by an innings and 26 runs. The second match at the Oval was the outcome of New Zealand's former prowess at Lord's. The names of the players on both sides were as follows: New Zealand—J. E. Mills, G. L. Weir, R. C. Blunt, M. L. Page, H. G. Vivian, T. C. Lowry, J. L. Kerr, K. C. James, I. B. Cromb, W. E. Merritt, C. F. W. Allcott; and England—Sutcliffe, Bakewell, K. S. Duleepsinhji, Hammond, Ames, D. R. Jardine, F. R. Brown, G. O. Allen, Tate, I. A. R. Peebles, and Verity.



**THE WINNER OF THE "STAR" INTERNATIONAL GOLD TROPHY AT THE CHISWICK RACING MOTOR-BOAT MEETING: F. G. H. STOREY IN "STEETH."**

F. G. H. Storey gained an excellent victory over six other boats in "Steeth," in the International Gold Trophy at the Chiswick Racing Motor-Boat meeting which began on July 30. The defeated included "Sea Bee III," piloted by A. Lanfranchi, who had previously won the Prince of Wales's Britannia International Challenge Trophy, and whose portrait appears on this page. Storey's time was 28 min. 20 sec., and his speed 25.41 knots.

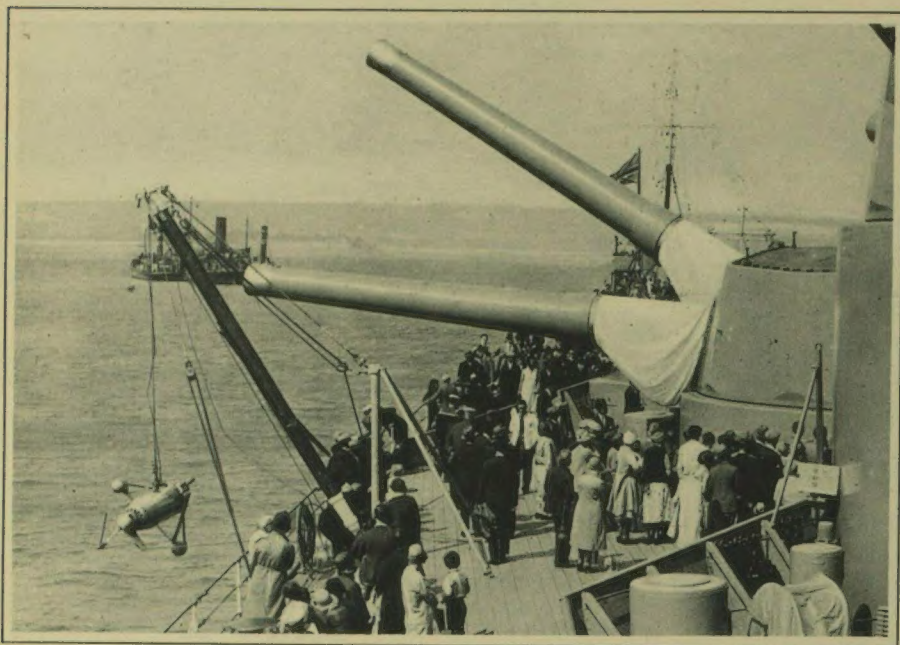


**DR. S. G. BENDIEN VISITING LONDON TO EXPLAIN HIS CANCER RESEARCH WORK: THE DUTCH PHYSICIAN, WITH HIS WIFE, ON HIS ARRIVAL.**

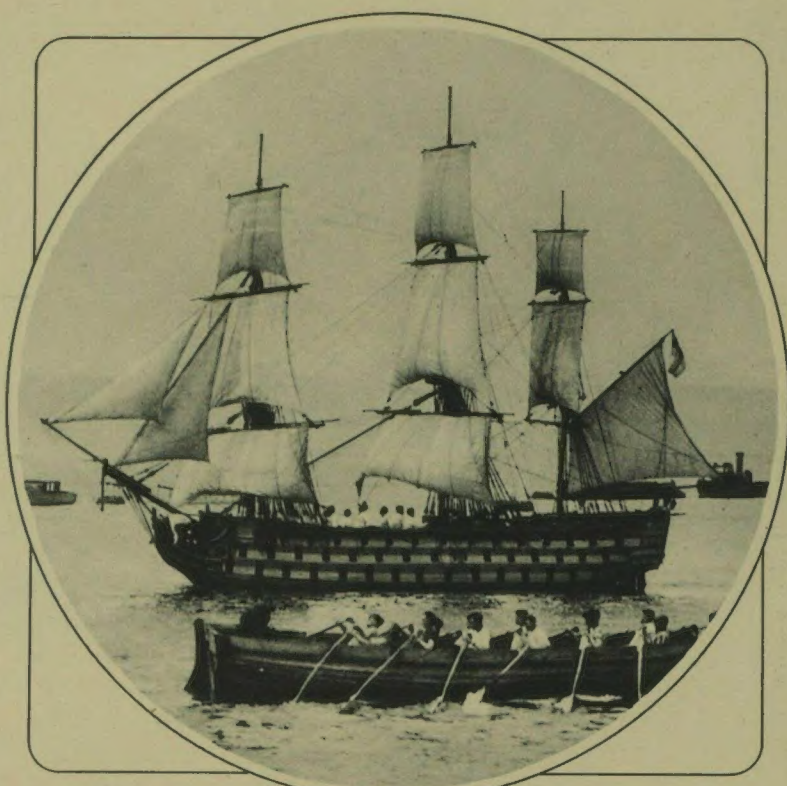
Dr. Bendien, the Dutch physician, of Zeist, who has devoted much time to cancer research, arrived in London on July 31. He came to England at the invitation of the British Empire Cancer Campaign. He claims that his method (employing spectrophotometry) enables him first to distinguish between normal and abnormal blood conditions; then to diagnose whether the abnormality is due to the presence of cancer.



## NAVY WEEK: SEEING "THE KING'S SHIPS AND THE MEN WHO MAN THEM."



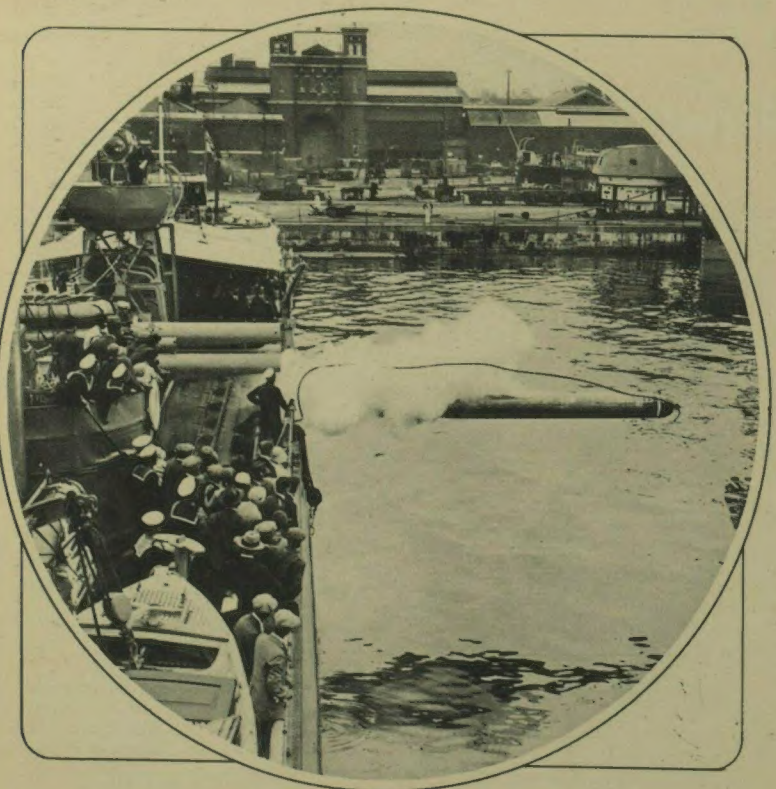
SEEING "THE KING'S SHIPS AND THE MEN WHO MAN THEM": VISITORS IN THE "HOOD" AT PORTSMOUTH—ON THE LEFT THAT ANTI-SUBMARINE AND ANTI-MINE WEAPON, THE PARAVANE.



THE FULLY-RIGGED MODEL OF THE "VICTORY" AT PORTSMOUTH: THE 50-FT. RECONSTRUCTION—MANNED BY NAVAL OFFICERS—WHICH WAS SAILED TO COWES TO BE SEEN BY THE KING AND QUEEN.



A FIGHT IN CHINESE WATERS STAGED AT PLYMOUTH: THE STEAMER "PING WO" IS SET ON FIRE BY PIRATES BUT SAVED BY A BRITISH NAVAL RESCUE-PARTY.



THE "VIMY" SHOWING HER TEETH AT PORTSMOUTH: FIRING A TORPEDO FROM THE DESTROYER, A CRAFT WHICH WAS FITTED FOR MINE-LAYING DURING THE WAR, BUT WAS NOT SO USED.



"RELIEVING THE GUARD" AT PORTSMOUTH: "MARINES OF 1805" PASSING THE "VICTORY" WHILE MARCHING TO PRESENT THE CEREMONY.

Devonport, 3982. With particular regard to certain of the illustrations here given, it may be recalled that the paravane was developed by Sir Dennistoun Burney during the war. The destroyer "Vimy," like her sister-ships, has five 21-inch tubes in one triple (forward) and one double (after) deck-mountings (1920 alteration). She was fitted as a mine-layer during the war, but was not used for the purpose. The fully-rigged model of H.M.S. "Victory," which we have illustrated before on several occasions, was sailed to Cowes on August 2, in order that the King and Queen might see it. It is fifty feet long, and is a true scale model of the original. As to the photograph of the Guard passing the "Victory" at Portsmouth, it should be added that it was arranged that, at frequent intervals throughout the day, Royal Marine Guards, wearing the uniforms of 1805 and of 1931, should present the ceremony of "Relieving the Guard," a picturesque duty of great popularity.

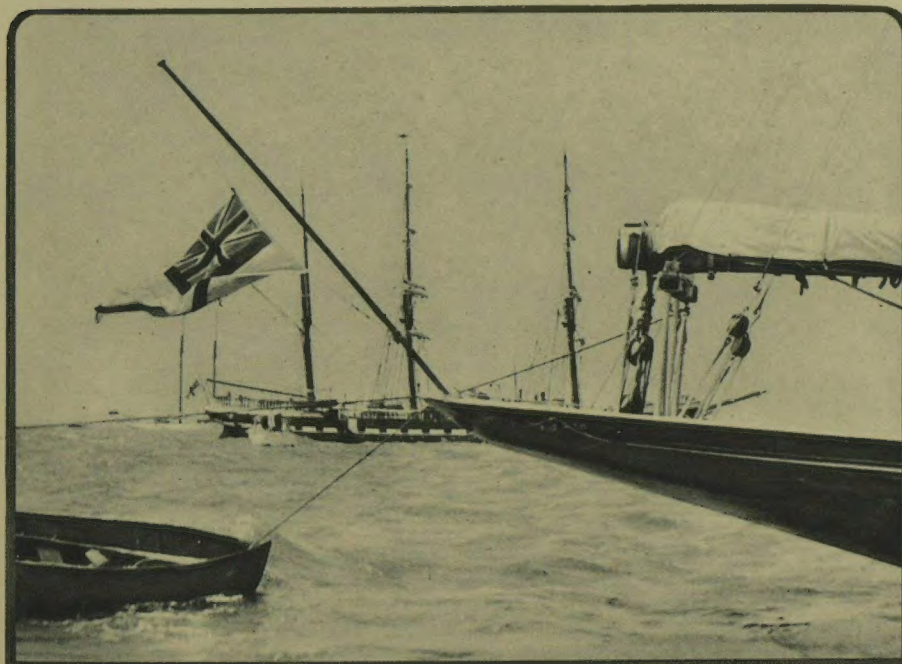
Some idea of the popular appeal of Navy Week—which began on August 1 and ends to-day, August 8—may be gained from the fact that the attendance figures for the first day were: Portsmouth, 7898; Chatham, 5918;



## A TRAGIC FIRST DAY AT COWES: THE "BRITANNIA'S" LOSS.



THE WHITE ENSIGN AT HALF-MAST AFTER THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO THE SECOND MATE OF THE KING'S YACHT: THE SCENE ON THE LAWNS DURING THE MATCH FOR YACHTS OF THE SIX-METRE CLASS.



AFTER THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO THE SECOND MATE OF THE "BRITANNIA": THE WHITE ENSIGN AT HALF-MAST ON HIS MAJESTY'S CUTTER, WHICH ABANDONED RACING FOR THE DAY AND FOR THE KING'S CUP.

The opening day of Cowes Week witnessed a tragic accident which caused the cancellation of the race for the J Class and the match for the 12-Metre Class. Just before the start of the big race, Ernest Friend, the second mate of his Majesty's "Britannia," was washed overboard and was drowned despite all the efforts made to save him. The King, who was in his cutter at the time, at once abandoned racing for the day and returned to the "Victoria and Albert." Later, the following announcement was issued: "In consequence of the sad loss of the second mate on his Majesty's yacht 'Britannia' to-day by drowning, his



THE KING AND QUEEN AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE: THEIR MAJESTIES WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AFTER THEIR VISIT TO PRINCESS BEATRICE, GOVERNOR AND CAPTAIN OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Majesty the King has decided not to start his yacht 'Britannia' in the race for the King's Cup to-morrow (Tuesday)." The skipper of the "Britannia" explained that Friend was attending to the runners when a large wave came over the deck and swept him away. A life-buoy was thrown, but fell short. "Signals were sent from the 'Britannia,'" reports the "Times," "and in a moment boats were on their way. At the King's direction 'Britannia's' dinghy also went away." The visit of their Majesties to Princess Beatrice took place on August 2. Her Royal Highness has been Governor of the Isle of Wight since 1896.



## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"DEEP EVENING" belongs to a class of novels which Frau Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel" has made increasingly popular. These novels are, in a sense, collections of short stories—short stories linked together by the unities of time and place, but not organically related. The author shows us the lives of a large number of persons, not grouped, but superimposed in a vertical section, like the colours in a Neapolitan ice. The action of each story is contemporaneous with its fellows, and, if literature was music, the different themes could be heard contemporaneously, like the separate notes in a chord. The ear has this advantage over the eye, which after completing one theme must go backwards in time before beginning the next, and leave to the reader's imagination the task of producing the illusion of simultaneity. But, on the other hand, the written word has an advantage over musical notation; it can escape from the present, and enrich each theme with associations drawn from the past. True, each story is bound by its time-limit; but there is nothing to prevent the author explaining how the circumstances of his characters came to be what they are. He can call upon the past to interpret the present.

That is a help, but still the problem remains, how are these isolated lives to be brought into a dramatic relationship? Contiguity is not enough: the majority of people in hotels know nothing about their fellow-guests, and care less. They feel no bond of union, they are wrapped up in their own concerns, and the last thing they want is communal life. The novelist, surveying them as they glance at each other with cautious hostility, must despair of finding a common denominator for these prime numbers.

Mr. Löhrke has surmounted the difficulty much as Mr. Galsworthy did in his play "The Roof." In "The Roof," the hotel caught fire; in "Deep Evening," the Atlantic liner *Glamorland*, strikes an iceberg in mid-ocean, and sinks. Both these catastrophes are so overwhelming as to unite the persons of the story in a common fate. Moreover, in the first chapter of "Deep Evening" we are told of the doom that overhangs the *Glamorland*, and an element of suspense is introduced—suspense that never slackens, but rather increases in tension every time the fatal impact is mentioned. Mr. Löhrke triumphs completely over the technical difficulties of the story. He makes it tremendously exciting. The characters are less interesting. Whether taken from the crew, the waiters, or the passengers, they are for the most part dreary, disappointed, frustrated; their lives have gone so wrong that there is little left for them to live for. We cannot regret them, but we are obliged to pity them, torn out of their security to face a horrible death. Mr. Löhrke describes brilliantly the circumstances of the ship's sinking. His book is a *tour-de-force* which the connoisseur will admire, but feel no happier for reading.

"Dark Bridwell," too, is a depressing book. Mr. Fisher traces the history of Charley Bridwell from the time he establishes himself with his wife and young family in Bridwell Place, Oregon, till the moment when, loathed in a greater or less degree by nearly every member of that family, he leaves them forever. No wonder they had grown to hate him! He had fits of generosity and he loved his wife; but he was cruel and cunning, and perhaps a little mad. None of the characters is very credible, although the author tries, by touches of realism and much impressive analysis, to make them seem so. His book is distinguished by strength of imagination and a certain beauty of language, but it fails to make a great effect.

"Saint Johnson" ought to be more credible, for its story is founded on fact; and perhaps if the reader makes a strong effort he will succeed in adjusting his imagination to the troublous times and primitive conditions that prevailed in Arizona half a century ago. The brothers Johnson were peace officers in a mushroom city where rowdiness was rampant. Wayt Johnson was the leading spirit among

the brothers: taciturn, efficient, incorruptible, he made himself both hated and feared by the lawless element. He survived all the cabals and intrigues made against him, but the murder of his brother was too much. Having taken a summary revenge he rode out of the town, dignified and defiant, but (technically at any rate) a criminal. This is a man's book; women play no part in it. Well and vigorously written, it goes with a swing, and makes us forget that it only contains enough material for a long short-story.

Violence is still the rule in "Red Ike," but this time the scene is laid in Cumberland—a district clearly well known to Mr. Denwood and Mr. Fowler Wright. Lovers of the English Lakes will relish the descriptions of their favourite country—the story itself has a new flavour. Mr. Walpole compares it to "Lavengro." I hardly think it sustains the comparison: there are fights and gypsies; there is a great sense of the open air; the characters are free from the restraints of civilisation—but their actions and motives seem slightly puerile, and the writing of the book is amateurish.

"Country Tune" introduces us to a more peaceful landscape and a far less exciting mode of existence. Tired of London, tired of her mother's domination, the heroine takes refuge in a cottage in the Cotswolds: she revels in her new surroundings, and lets the sights and sounds of the countryside sink into her and restore her jaded spirit. Alas! her happiness is short-lived. Poisoned by an insect-

provincial. By her prompt succour of Elizabeth she relieved the situation considerably. But even her tact and common sense could not work miracles in this intelligent, religious, in-bred, neurotic community. Poor Ned was haled off to the asylum. Mrs. Muir's mind works easily and powerfully upon abstract ideas; her hold on them is firmer than her grasp of actuality. Her characters never quite come to life, but they give one food for thought.

"Slaves" is a novel of the sea and the Slave Trade. So far as a landsman can judge it is an excellent sea-story; but the Slave Trade is, as a subject, repulsive, and the treatment spares the reader none of its horrors. Captain John Clark, of the *King Pepple*, is straightforward, rough, ready, without scruple in his "trade," and with a steady eye on his interests and the interests of his owners: a most efficient captain of a slave-ship. Mr. Pollard's descriptions are vivid, the conversations crisp, and the mingled odours of the slave-ship and the sea are made pungent enough.

"The Devil Man" is a novel written round the career of Charles Peace. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes in "Letty Lynton" showed what excellent results could be obtained by a blend of imagination and historical fact, and Mr. Edgar Wallace is hardly less successful. The complicated, sensational plot holds one's interest, but the main feature of the book is the very remarkable and consistent portrait of Peace. The account of his trial and execution is terrible, but unforgettable.

The refrain of an old French ballad leads to the detection of a very cold-blooded murderer. There are hypnotism and psycho-analysis, and some terrific thunderstorms in "Ra-ta-plan," and the reader must be captious who cannot find some fare to suit him in this good detective story.

The author of "Murder in a Haystack" deserves great credit, first for inventing a quite good murder story, and secondly for garnishing it with extraneous pleasures. The characters do not talk like people in a detective story, and they have enchanting names such as "Yebbo," "Swannie," and "Aunt Hattie Griggs."

"The Phantom Tourer" deals with the legend of a ghost-car which bore death to those who saw it. When Professor Willoughby was found dead on the

road, with injuries such as a collision might have caused, Scotland Yard was confronted by an awkward problem—the solving of which, though it strains credulity, involves a number of exciting adventures.

There is only one collection of short stories in the month's list—"The Perfume of the Rainbow," by L. Adams Beck. To call them short stories is perhaps misleading; some are sketches; some, essays; some, old legends re-told; and they are of all periods, from mythological times down to the present day. But one and all they are concerned with the Orient, India, China, and Japan. Miss Beck is an erudite, as well as a romantic, writer; Eastern and Western culture mingle agreeably in her always flowery, often exquisite pages.

### NOVELS REVIEWED.

- Deep Evening. By Eugene Löhrke. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)  
 Dark Bridwell. By Vardis Fisher. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
 Saint Johnson. By W. R. Burnett. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
 Red Ike. By J. M. Denwood and S. Fowler Wright. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)  
 Country Tune. By Ruth Holland. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
 Plagued by the Nightingale. By Kay Boyle. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)  
 Imagined Corners. By Willa Muir. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)  
 Slaves. By Frank Pollard. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Devil Man. By Edgar Wallace. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
 Ra-ta-plan. By Dorothy Ogburn. (Nash and Grayson; 7s. 6d.)  
 Murder in a Haystack. By Dorothy Aldis. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Phantom Tourer. By Gilbert Collins. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Perfume of the Rainbow. By L. Adams Beck. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)



THE TWENTY-THIRD TREASURE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM AS "THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK": A PANEL EMBROIDERED BY MARY HULTON DURING THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

This panel, which was embroidered some time in the reign of James I., by Mary Hulton, probably as the cover for a cushion, is beautifully worked in tent stitch on linen with brightly coloured silks. The royal arms of the House of Stuart, which are flanked by the King's initials, I.R., and other details of the design are enriched with gilt thread. In keeping with the heraldic character of the whole, the floral parts of the design are arranged with pronounced symmetry; the sprays of leaves and flowers seem to indicate a transitional stage between the freedom and naturalism of Elizabethan embroidery and the greater conventionality and stiffness that characterise work of the Stuart period: the lions, for example, especially in their manes, have already a distinctly Stuart appearance. It will be noticed that among the leaves and flowers there are birds apparently hunting for the tiny snails and caterpillars to be seen on the stems.—By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright reserved.)

bite, she is soon so ill that her one thought is to summon to her bedside the mother whom, a little while before, she had almost driven from her door. Considered as a novel, "Country Tune" lacks point: but it is pleasantly written, and shows a sensitive awareness of country things.

"Plagued by the Nightingale" is stronger stuff. The heroine (heroines in modern novels outnumber heroes), an American girl, marries into a French family. "Into" is the *mot juste*; in marrying Nicolas, Bridget practically marries all his relations—his father, his mother, and the three sisters, who are all enamoured of Luc, their brother Pierre's friend. Bridget's freedom-loving nature rebels against this pervasive family influence; she cannot accustom herself to the French point of view; her energies demand an outlet. Her husband is a poor creature, the victim of hereditary weakness. Where can she find a match for her own abounding vitality, except in Luc? But she discovers that she, in common with most of the characters, is not a free agent. "Plagued by the Nightingale" is not a novel *pour la jeune fille*, but it is an interesting and original book.

The scene of "Imagined Corners" is laid in Scotland just before the war. Mrs. Muir's characters take life hard: even Hector, the philanderer, is uncomfortable in his amours. Here, too, we are made to feel the force of family feeling; and Elise Mütze, that comparatively merry widow, arriving from the South of France to visit her relations, must have found Calderwick decidedly



# KAMET CONQUERED: ON THE HIGHEST SUMMIT ATTAINED BY MAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"; BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "TIMES."



AT THE GREATEST ALTITUDE AT WHICH SKIS HAVE BEEN USED—23,200 FEET: MR. R. L. HOLDSWORTH, ONE OF THE CLIMBERS WHO REACHED THE 25,447-FOOT SUMMIT OF MOUNT KAMET, PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE SKI-ING NEAR CAMP IV.



ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT KAMET: A SNAPSHOT TAKEN WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY OWING TO THE NUMBING OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S FINGERS BY THE COLD—ON THE LEFT, AN ICE-PICK WITH A UNION JACK FLYING FROM IT.



ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT KAMET: A SECOND SNAPSHOT OF MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION RESTING AFTER THE ATTAINMENT OF THEIR GOAL, WHICH WAS REACHED ON JUNE 21, AND, BY A SECOND CLIMBING PARTY, ON JUNE 23.

We continue on this page and on the two following pages the series of very remarkable photographs of the Mount Kamet Expedition which was begun in our issue of July 4, was continued in our issue of July 18, and will be continued from time to time as further photographs arrive: this by special arrangement with the "Times." As already recorded, two successful ascents of Mount Kamet have been made—the first by a party consisting of Mr. Frank S. Smythe, the leader, Messrs. E. E. Shipton and R. L. Holdsworth, and the porters, Lewa and Nima Dorji, who attained the 25,447-foot summit on June 21; the second by

Captain E. St. J. Birnie, Dr. Raymond Greene, and the porter, Kesar Singh, who reached it two days later. Mr. Smythe described the ascent as gruelling work, and assuredly that is very far from overstating the case. Of the scene from the summit itself, Mr. Smythe wrote: "It is difficult to render any account of the view. We were too far above the world. . . . Wearily I erected my cinema apparatus, shot a film, and then took still photographs with numbed fingers, the only tangible impression we could take away with us of that amazing panorama."—[The "Times" World Copyright.]



# THE CONQUEST OF MOUNT KAMET: ON THE KNIFE-EDGE SUMMIT RIDGE, AND "FROZEN OUTPOSTS OF THE INFINITE."

PHOTOGRAPHS EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"; BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "TIMES."



THE WEARY WAY TO VICTORY, THE REACHING OF THE HIGHEST SUMMIT ATTAINED BY MAN: MEMBERS OF THE MOUNT KAMET EXPEDITION TRUDGING UP THROUGH THE ICE FALL BETWEEN CAMP IV AND CAMP V, THE STARTING-POINT FOR THE ATTACK.

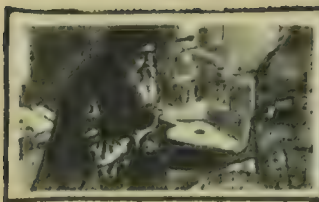
On June 21, Camp V having been established at a point at over 24,000 feet on the north ridge of Kamet, Mr. Frank S. Smythe, the leader of the Mount Kamet Expedition, decided that conditions were favourable for an immediate attack on the summit. As noted on the preceding page, that attack succeeded; as did a second, made two days later by another party. Writing of the attainment of the goal, Mr. Smythe said of the later stages of the ascent, in his article in the "Times": "We were now drawing on our last reserves of energy, reserves seldom demanded by the mountaineer. Faculties were numbed, reality had become a dream, action automatic. And then I found myself sprawling stomach downwards across the summit ridge, my head in the sun, my feet



ON THE SUMMIT RIDGE, WHICH PROVED "AS SHARP AS THE FAMOUS BRENVA RIDGE OF MONT BLANC AND INFINITELY MORE SENSATIONAL": ONE OF THE CLIMBERS APPROACHING THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHILE ADVANCING TOWARDS THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

In the shadow. Huge columns of cloud were rising djinn-like from the murky depths into which I gazed. They swayed unsubstantially for a moment as I fought for oxygen. In a minute or two I pulled myself together, swung myself astride the sharp roof-like summit ridge, and began taking in Holdsworth's rope. We were not on the summit, but only on the summit ridge. The former was out of sight, hidden by a projecting finger of ice a few yards away. . . . Heaving ourselves to our feet, we started along the snow ridge. It is as sharp as the famous Brenva Ridge of Mont Blanc and infinitely more sensational. The snow was firm. Planting our feet well into the crest, we advanced without difficulty. . . . At 4.30 p.m. we stood on the summit."—[The "Times" World Copyright.]





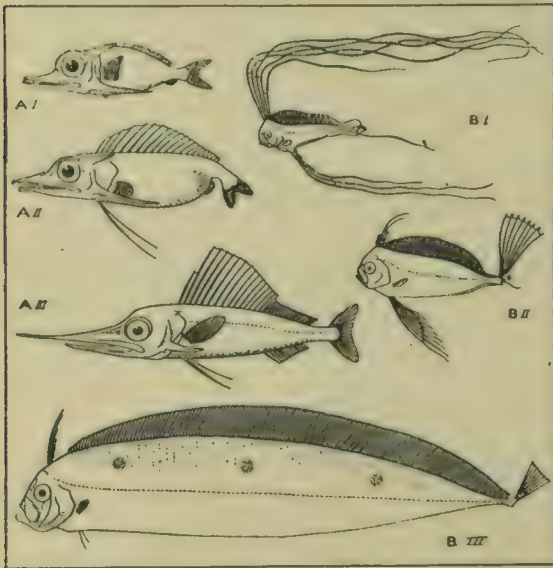
# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## A HISTORY OF FISHES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THOUGH every scrap of information is precious concerning the inhabitants of the sea (and they range from microscopic organisms to giants over 100 ft. long), in some respects that which concerns the fishes is of most



1. TWO FISHES WHICH ASSUME STRANGE FORMS IN THE COURSE OF GROWTH: THE SAIL-FISH (*ISTIOPHORUS* SP.—LEFT, SERIES A), AND THE DEAL-FISH (*TRACHYPTERUS ARCTICUS*—RIGHT, SERIES B).

The stages in the development of the sail-fish are: A.I., at 9 mm.— $3\frac{1}{2}$  times natural size; A.II., at 14 mm.— $3\frac{1}{2}$  times natural size; A.III., at 60 mm.—natural size. (After Günther.) Stages in the development of the deal-fish, namely: B.I., at 16 mm.— $1\frac{1}{2}$  times natural size; B.II., at 100 mm.— $\frac{1}{2}$  natural size; B.III., at 1000 mm.— $1/10$ th natural size. (After Emery and Smitt.)

concern to ourselves. For with the fishes we begin the story of the origin and development of the backboneed, animals, to which we ourselves belong. And the study of these lowly types shows us in the most convincing way that they, no less than the creatures of the dry land, have to face a struggle for existence; and in that struggle have to adjust themselves to many and varied forms of environment.

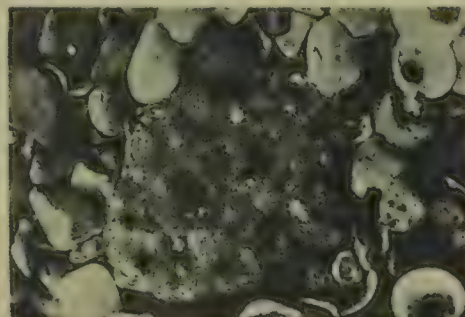
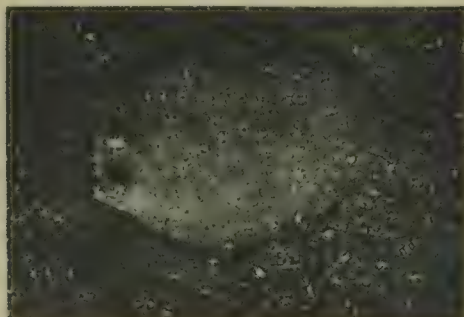
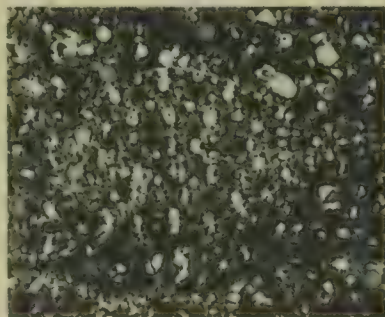
For various reasons, only some men can devote a lifetime to the study of fishes; and of these, only some can tell us what they find in simple speech such as he who runs may read. One of these gifted souls has just written a book ("A History of Fishes," by J. R. Norman. Benn and Co.; 28s. net.), with this very purpose, and I venture to think it will be very widely read. The author speaks with authority, since he is the custodian of the wonderful collection of fishes in the British Museum (Natural History), and it is evident from these pages that he possesses in no small measure that sense of discrimination which sifts with precision the essentials of a theme, and which is no less important, a concise method of expressing what he has to say.

The task of presenting a nicely balanced survey in a book of this kind is no easy one; yet he has contrived to pack its pages with facts that arrest attention, and seem to clamour for special notice. This is true even where the author is discussing anatomical details. Most people, I suppose, know that fishes possess an air-bladder. But this is by no means true of all fishes. Why it should be present in some—and by no means fulfilling the same functions in all of these—and why it should be absent in others, is explained here both forcefully and convincingly. The angler is supposed to know more about fish than most people. Yet how many anglers could tell you the story of the evolution of the fish's tail! As the author tells that story, he shows his readers how this most interesting transformation can be seen taking place in the course of the development of one and the same fish.

Some of these cases of transformation are extraordinarily interesting, and at the same time extremely difficult to express. The author has cited many examples of this phase of fish-life. I select from these, two—the deal-fish

and the sword-fish. The first-named is a strange-looking species, unknown to most people, which is not to be wondered at, since it but rarely occurs in our seas. Several species are recognised. The largest, known also as the "oar-fish," attaining to a length of 20 ft. Of the peculiarities of the adult I have no space now to speak, but a general conception of its appearance can be gleaned from the accompanying illustration (Fig. 1), wherein, it will be noticed, the tail-fin is turned abruptly upwards. But in the course of its growth from the egg onwards, it assumes strange forms. At a very early stage the anterior rays of the dorsal fin, and three rays of the ventral fins, are produced into filaments of enormous length; while the tail-fin is of normal type, save that the lowermost ray is also produced into a filament. In the second stage, the filaments of these fins, it will be noticed, have become excessively reduced, while the tail-fin has assumed the singular position it takes in the adult, though, relatively to the size of the fish, it is much larger than in the adult. In the adult stage the most conspicuous change is found in the pelvic-fins, which have almost vanished. In the sword-fish, also, striking changes take place, as this illustration shows, especially in regard to the spiny armature of the head, and the development of the "sword." The significance of these, and many other similar cases, the author discusses in this book.

One would, of course, expect to find at least a broad summary of the essential structural features of fishes, the scales, teeth, skeleton, vascular, and nervous systems, the reproductive organs, and so on. And one would be prepared to find these pages a little "dull." But this they emphatically are not. The serious student and the enthusiastic angler alike will find here a treasure-house of facts. In regard to the teeth: some striking illustrations are given, showing the singular modifications of form which they have undergone in response to peculiarities of diet, commonly associated with very specialised habits.



2. THE PROTECTIVE COLORATION OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLOUNDER (*BOTHUS PODAS*): THE FISH LYING ON GRAVEL (LEFT), COARSE SAND, AND ON SHINGLE (RIGHT).

Reproductions from "The History of Fishes," by Courtesy of Mr. J. R. Norman, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd. Fig. 2 also by Permission of Professor F. B. Sumner.

I drew one blank in reading this section: I hoped to find some explanation of the strange and striking differences of form in the teeth of the male and female of the thorn-backed ray, but no evidence, it seems, is forthcoming to confirm the suspicion that the two sexes feed differently.

In this connection the author has some surprising things to say of the amazing voracity of some species. The "blue-fish" of the Atlantic coasts of the United States, for example, it is to be hoped, has no rivals. Resembling our bass in shape, and attaining to a weight of 15 lb., it scours the seas in search of victims, and the wonder is that it has not extinguished its own food-supply. "It has been estimated," he says, "that as many as one thousand million blue-fishes haunt these waters during the summer season, and allowing ten fish per day to each blue-fish, no less than 10,000,000,000 fish are destroyed each day; whilst about 1,200,000,000,000 are accounted for in a season lasting only 120 days." Their favourite victims appear to be the "menhaden," shoals of which are sometimes driven ashore, piling themselves up in heaps in their efforts to escape. Adding these hosts to the number eaten, and the numbers taken by the menhaden fishery for oil, one marvels that any menhadens can be left in the sea, for this appalling levy, it is to be remembered, is an annual one. These figures seem to require auditing!

Here is voracity in its most intense, most exaggerated, development. And of the many inferences to be drawn from this, one is indeed important. This concerns the coloration of fishes, a theme which is accorded a prominent place in the pages of Mr. Norman's book. He discusses both "protective" and "warning" coloration. Even the most sceptical as to the virtues of these two main types of coloration, must admit that hues, or markings, such as bars, spots, or stripes, which serve to muddle a pursuer, if ever so little, is of value to the pursued. Hence in the course of time selection has brought about the survival of those individuals best adjusted to this end. We have many excellent examples of these types of coloration among

the fishes of our own seas. But nothing to compare with the bizarre effects of flaming colour shown by many tropical species, especially such as haunt coral-reefs. One or two coloured plates would have added greatly to the value of this book. But even where colour is wanting, and the pattern alone remains, the striking effects of such markings are manifest, as in the adjoining illustrations. In one of these the coloration harmonises with the general character of the background; in the other that coloration takes the hues of a particular background. And both types, it is to be noted, are adjustable, so that changing backgrounds can be matched at need, and often with incredible speed. How this adjustment is brought about the author demonstrates in a very convincing manner.

The chapter on "Fishes and Mankind" seemed, at first glance, almost like an intrusion. For is not this a book on fishes—showing us how they "live, and move, and have their being," no man saying them nay? But a brief examination of its contents will leave the dissident without a grievance. It is as well that we should realise how man has exploited the fishes, and how helpless they are to evade that exploitation. And it is well, too, that we should take careful note of what the author has to say about the conservation of our fisheries, both marine and fresh-water. Indeed, the need for this work is growing in urgency. It contains a great deal of information of an intensely interesting kind. Of much of it, indeed, one cannot say "this is common knowledge"; on the contrary, it is knowledge brought together from many sources inaccessible to the ordinary reader of books on fish and fishing. Let me cite one item only from this crowded chapter—that concerning cod-liver oil. I venture to think it is by no means generally realised that Norway alone produces nearly one-and-a-half-million gallons of cod-liver oil annually. In its crude state this is used by the tanning industry, especially in the making of "chamois" leather, for tempering steel, and in

the making of lower-grade soaps, while, after refining it produces the indispensable medicinal oil.

The author has produced, in short, a book which will be eagerly read by the man of science, the lover of "natural history" books, and last, but not least, the angler, who, I venture to think, will be among the most

grateful of the wide circle of readers to whom this volume will make an irresistible appeal.



3. TROPICAL FISH THAT HAVE ADOPTED BOLD STYLES OF PROTECTIVE COLOURING SUITED TO BRIGHT BACKGROUNDS OF CORALS AND TROPICAL UNDER-WATER LIFE: VERTICAL AND LONGITUDINAL BANDS AND SPOTS THAT SERVE TO BREAK UP THE OUTLINE OF THE FISH, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE RECOGNISED PRINCIPLES OF CAMOUFLAGE.

The fish seen here are: A—Murana or Moray (*Gymnothorax Petelli*); B—Bat-fish (*Platax orbicularis*); C—Butterfly-fish (*Holacanthus semicirculatus*); D—Butterfly-fish (*Chaetodon unimaculatus*); E—Sea perch (*Grammistes sexlineatus*).



## ROYAL AND REPUBLICAN EAGLES! A SCOTTISH-AMERICAN INTERVIEW.



THE WHITE-HEADED AMERICAN EAGLE IS VISITED BY THE GOLDEN EAGLE ("MR. RAMSHAW") FROM THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, WHO BRINGS A DAINTY MORSEL IN HIS BEAK.



THE LADY EAGLE FROM THE UNITED STATES LOOKS PAINED AND SURPRISED WHEN "MR. RAMSHAW" BELIES TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH HOSPITALITY BY EATING THE MORSEL.



GIVING HIM A PIECE OF HER MIND: THE AMERICAN EAGLE'S REPROACHFUL LANGUAGE CAUSES "MR. RAMSHAW" TO LIFT HIS WINGS IN ASTONISHMENT.



"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH": THE AMERICAN EAGLE IS OBVIOUSLY NOT INSENSIBLE TO "MR. RAMSHAW'S" CONCILIATORY ATTITUDE.



GETTING TOGETHER: THE AMERICAN EAGLE AND "MR. RAMSHAW" AGREE THAT THE PEACE OF THE WORLD DEPENDS ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES.

These very interesting photographs illustrate an interview arranged a while ago between a female American eagle, which Captain C. W. R. Knight, M.C., the well-known naturalist-photographer, brought back from the United States, and his famous golden eagle from the Scottish Highlands, known as "Mr. Ramshaw," already trained by him. We have ventured to suggest the lines on which the conversation between these two distinguished birds may have proceeded. In the 'Royal Natural History' we read: "The white-headed sea-eagle, or bald eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*), is the national emblem of the United States. The golden eagle (*Aquila chrysaetus*) has by almost universal assent been regarded as the 'king of birds.'" The interview may



"THIS IS A SERIOUS MATTER REQUIRING CAREFUL CONSIDERATION THE AMERICAN EAGLE ADOPTS A PARLIAMENTARY ATTITUDE AS LISTENED thus be considered as a meeting of Royalist and Republican. "Mr. Ramshaw," we may recall, has previously figured in these pages in an air duel with an osprey, from Captain Knight's remarkable film, "Sea Hawks," illustrated in our issue of May 3, 1930.



## "THE ISLANDS OF HAPPINESS": NATURE-WORSHIPPERS AT HOME.

By RODEUR.

NOT every reader will know where these delightfully named islands are to be found—and they are not marked under this title in any modern atlas; for several decades they have been differently designated. In any case, the origin of the name is doubtful and only the islander uses the term. But, to expose the secret, these extraordinary islands are the Mentawai group, west of Sumatra. There the

a costume made of grass and split banana-leaves. This "costume" serves as protection against the rain (it rains almost every day); and, in fact, the body is covered in this manner for practical reasons rather than in deference to a sense of modesty.

There is no variation in Mentawai fashion—the mode is always the same. The dresses are always worn when fishing and in the plantations. A head-dress of banana-leaves goes with the costume. So clad, protected against rain and sun, the woman takes her seat in the canoe and proceeds by water to her work. The dress is renewed monthly; it is little trouble to make and costs nothing. The men and boys tattoo themselves with a peculiar linear ornamentation, the lines running up over the face and down the arms and legs. Even the backs of the hands are carefully decorated. The women are much less tattooed.

All four islands, and Siberut in particular, are remarkable on account of their very unfavourable terrain. A great part of the land is almost always under water. There are no wet and dry seasons; rain falls almost every day. Agriculture is negligible. Malay traders live on the coast. The Mentawaians, without exception, live on the rivers, and all traffic is by water. No one goes afoot, as among the Dyaks of Borneo. There are, however, miles and miles of pathways of felled tree-trunks through the swamps, but these are used only by the military patrols, whose long marches are not at all pleasant.

Like all Malayan peoples, the Mentawaians are real water-rats. The greater part of their lives is lived in canoes, and boys and girls learn to use the paddle at a very early age. The collection of crabs and molluscs is especially women's work; fishing also, in which they use a large net fixed on bamboos. It is not a light contraption, and therefore a number of women and girls work together, standing up to the hips in water. The young boys sometimes shoot fish with arrows. The men prepare the sago plots, and hunt monkeys, deer, and pigs. Every successful hunting-party is terminated with a special ceremony—a ritual division of the spoils in the meeting-house.

Then follows the cooking of the meat in bamboo vessels. During this ceremony the roll of drums informs the neighbourhood of the happy event; but not to call all and sundry to the feast! On the contrary, strangers are not allowed to enter the meeting-house during the ceremony, and the drums warn them to keep away till the feast is over. Then comes the dancing, if it may be so called, for it is merely the mimicry of animal actions. It is very simple, like all things about the

Mentawai islanders, who, on closer acquaintance, are found to be a natural people; unspoilt, well-meaning, grown-up children.

Dancing festivals take place on the occasion of anything which may be termed an event; such as, for example, the birth of a child, a death, the completion of a house, the preparation of a new plantation, or the launching of a canoe. Everybody gives up work then, and the various members of the family, or perhaps the whole village, lay aside everything; so that in house or village nothing is done. The native is not depressed by these regulations; rather the contrary, for he fills in the period of "rest" with games and dances and other festivities which have not the slightest relation to the "event."

In the so-called dances there are various pantomimes, and a great show of body-wriggling, movements of the arms and legs and, not least, the head, being employed to imitate animals and birds. For instance, a bird of prey is seen stretching out its neck and pouncing on its victim, or a heron stepping up and down the water's edge and pecking for fish, or another type flying round and round and darting at its prey; monkeys playing, and the stag rounding up his females, and similar mimicry, form the chief part of these dances, all the movements being made with exceptional precision.

Simple and harmless, this play reveals much of the naturalness and light-mindedness of the Mentawaians and is the expression of the care-free happiness of these primitive children of nature,



A MENTAWAIAN GIRL IN GOING-OUT DRESS—AN ELABORATE "CREATION" OF LEAVES WHICH IS TAKEN OFF INDOORS.

natives live to dance and enjoy life: work is merely a question of getting sufficient food, and fish and sago are plentiful. Even walking is regarded as troublesome. The Mentawaians move from place to place by boat, and the waterways are the highways. Dress the men do not consider, and the womenfolk don an elaborate bunch of leaves in which to go fishing and visiting. When they arrive home they take off this dress and hang it up to dry.

There are four large islands and about 120 small ones; but only the larger are regularly inhabited. Eighty odd miles from the Sumatra coast, the people of the Mentawai Islands are very different from the natives of Sumatra. Their culture is extraordinarily primitive. There is neither weaving nor metal-work. Cooking is done in the sections of bamboo which are collected daily in large numbers. Basket-work is very crude; only rattan is used. The baskets are employed for all sorts of purposes. Coffins, for example, are made of this material, and, instead of being buried, are placed above the marshy ground on wooden piles.

Clothing is spare, as is to be expected, especially with the men, who wear only a girdle of beaten bast. The women, however, provide a surprise in this regard. At first it might be imagined that they were masquerading. At home they wear the loin-cloth; but when they go out they discard this and garb themselves—as is the Papuan mode—in



A YOUNG MENTAWAIAN IN HIS DUG-OUT CANOE: A BOY WEARING FLOWERS IN HIS HAIR AND LITTLE ELSE—A CONTRAST WITH FEMININE OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS.

who are undisturbed by changes of climate and need no alcoholic stimulus—nor, indeed, know of any fermented drink—to add to their enjoyment in the "Islands of Happiness."



# IN THE "ISLANDS OF HAPPINESS": NATURE-WORSHIPPERS AT HOME.



AN OLD MAN OF SIBERUT, MENTAWAI ISLANDS, IN HIS CANOE: PADDLING A FRAIL DUG-OUT WHICH CAN BE MADE TO TRAVEL AT A SURPRISING SPEED.



A MENTAWAIAN YOUTH WITH FLOWERS IN HIS HAIR, LIKE A HAWAIIAN; AND TATTOOED WITH A "PECULIAR LINEAR ORNAMENTATION": A FINE TYPE FROM THE "ISLANDS OF HAPPINESS."

The Mentawai Islands, called by the natives "The Islands of Happiness," are situated at a distance of 80 to 100 miles off the west coast of Sumatra. They are volcanic and subject to earthquakes; and they are dangerous to approach, owing to sunken coral-reefs. Behind the flat, marshy shores, they are covered, for the most part, with thick forest, in which a total population of about 8000 lives a peaceful, undisturbed existence. Since the islanders dwell far apart from the track of the successive invasions which have swept the Dutch East Indies, their religion, like that of some of the tribes in the interior of Sumatra, has



A MEDICINE-MAN AT WORK: PREPARING CHARMS AGAINST THE NATURE-SPIRITS WHICH ARE WORSHIPPED BY THE ISLANDERS.



A MENTAWAIAN DANCE WHICH CALLS FOR MUCH BODY-WRIGGLING AND HEAD-WAGGING: MIMICKING THE ACTIONS OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS.



AN ANIMAL PANTOMIME IN PROGRESS: MENTAWAIANS DANCING BEFORE THEIR BAMBOO HUTS, BUILT ON PILES, CELEBRATING, IT MAY BE, THE LAUNCHING OF A CANOE.

remained uninfluenced by Hinduism, Islam, and Christianity, and is still a pure nature-worship. Oblations are made in the forest to nature-spirits; but idols and temples are unknown. Ethnologically, too, the Mentawaians have remained comparatively untouched; they are believed to be of Caucasian origin, related to the very early indigenous peoples of Sumatra. In fact, if it be true that to have no history is to be happy, the native name for the islands would appear to be more than justified. The article on the opposite page describes certain phases of the simple life of the people, and some of their customs.



# "THE SOUL'S JOY LIES IN DOING."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

## "MARSHAL LYAUTEY": By ANDRÉ MAUROIS.\*

(PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.)

PROBABLY no existing civilisation is so self-contained and self-sufficient—and we do not use the word in any derogatory sense—as the French, and the idea of empire is, if not foreign, certainly not spontaneously native to it. So far as imperial aspiration has developed at all in France, it has sprung from sheer strategic and economic necessity, without much of that exuberant spirit of adventure which has stimulated the expansion of other empires. Great imperial administrators are, therefore, not numerous in French annals, and among them, in modern times at least, Marshal Lyautey, the builder of French Morocco, occupies a place of his own.

It is, then, not inconsistent with the normal French outlook that, up to the present, Lyautey's remarkable work has scarcely met with the recognition which it deserves. M. Maurois records that when the Marshal returned in 1925 from the scene of his life-work, no public tribute whatever was accorded to him, and "the only official communication awaiting him at his home in Paris was a letter from the revenue authorities requesting him to settle his outstanding taxes without delay." This, however, is the year of the French Colonial Exhibition, of which Lyautey, now in retirement and nearing his eighties, is appropriately [and, indeed, inevitably the head. Hence there is a topical occasion for M. Maurois's biography, which is far less imaginative than his other well-known excursions into the same field, and aims simply at acquainting France and the world with a great pro-consul's achievements in circumstances of singular difficulty. This task it fulfils adequately and lucidly, though—one cannot help feeling—without any marked spontaneous affinity for the subject.

Hubert Lyautey was born in 1856: and every circumstance of his antecedents and associations seemed to destine him to a narrow, fore-ordained and almost inbred sphere of life. He inherited every prepossession of French aristocracy. His youthful royalistic fervour amounted almost to a passion, and at the age of twenty-six he writes of a visit to the Comte de Chambord at Gorizia, with something like fanatical ecstasy. No less intense was his attachment to the faith of his family, and his acceptance of the soldier's vocation as the natural calling for a man of birth and responsibility—though, as will appear, he found for himself a new and unusual conception of the soldier's function. Yet in some important respects this young aristocrat was singularly independent of tradition. He was "a man of the Marches—Franche-Comté on his father's side, Lorraine on his mother's. A Frenchman, certainly, but one cherishing a local patriotism woven into the stuff of his national sentiment, and judging certain traits of Paris with the sober detachment of a man from the Eastern provinces. All his life long, irony would be foreign, even hateful, to him."

Little more, then, than all the usual occupations of a young man of his traditions left him dissatisfied—the more so since throughout his life, as the letters from which M. Maurois freely quotes amply show, he was highly introspective (a characteristic doubtless, accentuated by a severe accident which disabled him for the first ten years of childhood). He passed through Saint-Cyr and the Staff School, and, revolting against their soulless routine, began to adopt what seemed to his friends a dangerously eccentric, if not a radical, attitude. A young, handsome officer—and frequenting the *salon* of Mme. Aubernon! Hobnobbing with scribblers and poets—Henri de Régnier, Marcel Proust, and those blue-stocking Hérédia sisters! One does not know what adjective was applied to this kind of unsoldierliness in 1887: nowadays it would be called "highbrow," and it would not be popular in the mess. There were other oddities, too: he had strange notions

about making military training *human*, of studying and cultivating the private soldier as an individual with a mind and a character. He even pictured the officer as a kind of social missionary, and expounded his startling views in print. Throughout this self-searching period irony was indeed "foreign, even hateful, to him": he was very much the *jeune homme sérieux*, who with other equally serious young men, published the somewhat portentous manifesto of the "Union of Truth." It would not be surprising if more ironic contemporaries suspected something of the prig. Obviously he had not found himself yet.

Indo-China was to change the whole current of his life. At Tongking, "it suddenly seemed that he was breathing a healthier air." Contact with men

productive, compelling and immediate action I am eating myself away, corroding, and that my functions remain unused."

And again: "I felt that I was born to create, and I am creating; to rule, and I am ruling; to stir up ideas and schemes and tasks, and I stir them up by the spadeful. . . . I have just found a scrap of verse in Shelley which I want to make my motto: 'The soul's joy lies in doing.' The stimulus to action, M. Maurois suggests, with his characteristic little spice of cynicism, is merely the escape from boredom; and suddenly the man who had been bored for twenty years was bored no longer. And this "soul's joy" not only provided a "resurrection," but slaked what the Marshal, not without a certain flourish, tells us had always been a raging thirst within him—"my passion for power."

In Morocco, as all the world knows, Lyautey had his desire to the full. Power was long in the building—patient, wise, and beneficent building—but "from 1913 to 1925 Lyautey was to be as omnipotent in his African empire as any human being can be." "In the year 1915 no monarch on the face of this planet wielded a personal power more widespread and untrammelled than General Lyautey." It is impossible within these limits to describe all the details of this long process and all the problems which Lyautey, faced and solved in Morocco—problems not only of internal administration, but of extremely sensitive international relationships. The same disposition which prompted him, as a young officer, to "humanize" military training inspired a policy of sympathy combined with authority and of conciliation allied to firmness, in his dealings with the North African tribes and the many complexities of their politics. For a quarter of a century he pursued, often in spite of Paris rather than with its aid, an inflexible course which, while it steadily expanded French influence and corrected the radical weaknesses of native government, was indefatigable in its constructive energy. Roads, harbours, railways, infirmaries, clinics grew without ceasing. "Wherever I have gone, it has been to construct; and whatever I had to destroy I built up again, more solidly and durably. Our troops left behind them territory restored to peace, scored with roads, and quickening with life; and commercial exchange preceded the exchange of ideas." These enterprises were at their height during the World War, when it was more than ever necessary that Morocco should be kept busy and contented: and Northern Africa, making a virtue of military necessity, built itself up while Europe pulled itself down.

To that tumbledown Europe Lyautey could bring no aid. The fiasco of his brief and distracted intervention as Minister of War was due to no fault of his own. He came from Morocco in December 1916, reluctantly and diffidently, profoundly distrustful of the atmosphere of intrigue

into which he expected to be plunged, and which, on closer acquaintance, proved worse than he had feared. He came, too, at the moment when France had staked her hopes on Nivelle's grandiose projects; which from the first Lyautey regarded as chimerical. He had little faith in the leadership of the Allied forces, and neither knowledge of nor sympathy with Parliamentary methods. His sole Parliamentary utterance as Minister of War, which was intended merely to put simple and uncontroversial facts before a nation in dire peril, to his astonishment produced uproar in the Chamber and brought about the fall of a Government. In short, he was called to an impossible task at an impossible time. There was no "soul's joy" and no health in that sophisticated world, and within three months the "animal of action" was out of it. His work—and eight more years of it awaited him—lay not in Paris and Versailles, but in Fez and Rabat, where enterprises of great pith and moment are not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought which is thought only for self and career.

A. K.



THE MOST SPECTACULAR FEATURE OF THE GREAT FRENCH COLONIAL EXHIBITION, WHICH WAS PROMOTED BY MARSHAL LYAUTEY, THE FAMOUS FRENCH EMPIRE-BUILDER: THE COPY OF THE ANGKOR VAT ILLUMINATED IN THE SPLENDID WAY THAT HAS PROVED SUCH A POWERFUL ATTRACTION TO VISITORS TO VINCENNES.

of action, builders of new countries, caused him, in his own words, to "feel as far distant from the falsity of the literary salons and dinner-parties of Paris as from the mummified existence of our unemployed, routine-ridden, swaddled Army! And it is a resurrection." The greatest force among these doers and makers was Gallieni, and from him Lyautey learned lessons of policy and administration which he never forgot. Madagascar followed Tongking, and seven years of invaluable apprenticeship were passed in these two outposts of France.

The romance and picturesqueness of the tropics at once seized upon Lyautey, and to the end they never lost their glamour for him. But the Colonies satisfied far greater needs than a craving for the exotic. The self-questioning young "lettered soldier" becomes the "animal of action."

"Decidedly, I am a creature of action. I had always thought so; facts have finally confirmed it; and after twenty years of chafing that gnawed my spirit I at last seemed to have action within my grasp. . . . I feel more than ever that bereft of

\* "Marshal Lyautey." By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. (John Lane The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net.)





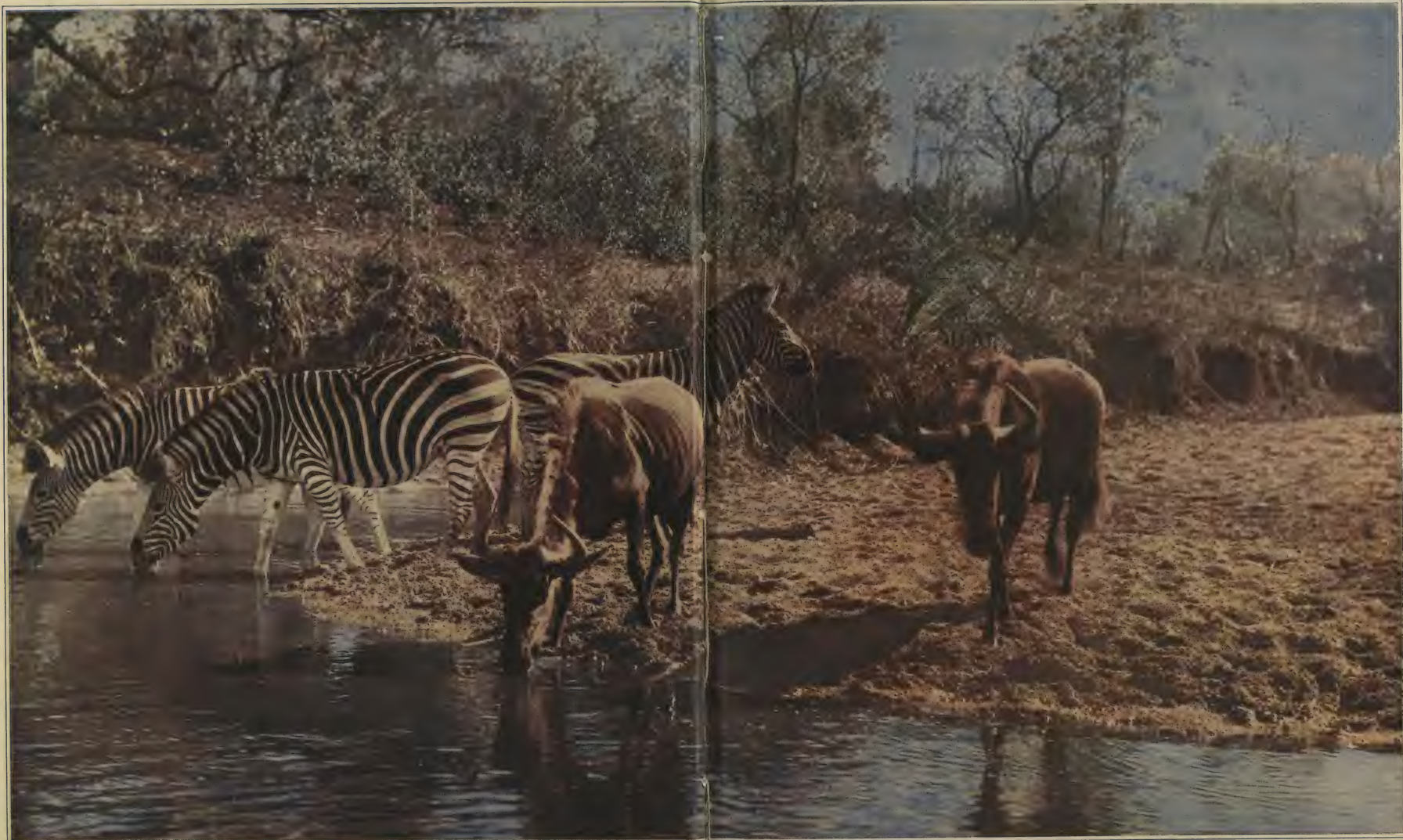
## THE "WARSPITE" AT SPEED.

Discussing the picture here reproduced, the contributor calls attention to the point that war-ships, by reason of their greater weight below the water-line, do not ride the waves as a merchantman does: "They plough through them, cutting them asunder in lordly fashion." As to the battle-ship "Warspite" herself, it may be added that she is of the "Queen Elizabeth" class and, like her sisters, is fitted as a flag-ship. She was laid down in October, 1912, and completed in March, 1915. "'All-oil' installation very successful," notes Jane's "Fighting

Ships." "These ships steam splendidly, and can maintain a high average speed for long periods." In the war, the "Warspite" took part in the Battle of Jutland, and had a strange experience during the main action. To quote Captain Edward Altham (in the "Britannica"): "The 'Warrior' limped away, and was only saved for the time being by the battle-ship 'Warspite' performing an involuntary circle round her, owing to the sudden jamming of the latter's steering gear." For Navy Week, which ends to-day, August 8, she was at Portsmouth.

AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES E. BROWN; EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."





IN SANCTUARY IN SOUTH AFRICA.  
ZEBRAS AND BLUE WILDEBEESTE AT A DRINKING-POOL IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, EASTERN TRANSVAAL—ONE OF THE LARGEST GAME RESERVES IN THE WORLD.

The Kruger National Park, a romantic territory some thousands of square miles in extent, is one of the largest game sanctuaries in the world. It is situated in the Eastern Transvaal, in the wooded and rugged country known as the Low Veld, which is a land practically without winter. It takes its name from the late President Kruger who, in the closing days of the Transvaal Republic, immediately preceding the Anglo-Boer War, arranged, by means of a State Proclamation, that that area between the Crocodile and Sabi Rivers which abuts on the boundaries of Portuguese East Africa should be set aside as a sanctuary for the *fauna* indigenous to Southern Africa. This early provision for the protection of the game was placed on a permanent basis by the present Union Government, which, in 1926, passed legislation preserving this wonderful district as a sanctuary for game for all time under the title of "The Kruger National Park." To-day, the Park is one of the finest natural sights of South Africa and—both for its *fauna* and its *flora*—is a realm of perpetual interest to men of science as well as to the ordinary lover of wild life. The administration of the Reserve, as well as that of the other National Parks of South Africa, is carried out on a properly

organised basis by the National Parks Board of Trustees, and the whole area has been made accessible to the public. The Reserve itself is under the control of a Warden with a staff of Rangers and other officials; and, with the opening-up of roads, rest camps and other facilities, visitors from all parts of the world have found an enthralling attraction in excursions to the Park. In this sanctuary every form of game is found—from the smaller species of antelope to the elephant; with the lion generally plentiful throughout the Reserve. The fascination of the Low Veld and the Kruger National Park has been admirably dealt with by the present Warden, Lieut.-Colonel J. Stevenson-Hamilton, in his volume, "The Low Veld—its Wild Life and Its People" (Cassell). The history and characteristics of this part of South Africa, and of the numerous species of wild life which inhabit it, make engaging reading. Tours through the Park are organised by the South African Railways Administration, and all who have undertaken these are enthusiastic in their descriptions of the remarkable fascination of the wild life and of the country itself. The recognised time for visiting the Game Reserve is in the South African winter months—about April to September.



ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES



## ROMANCE AND ABDULLA

### REINCARNATION

Once you went veiled—as befitted divine Princesses,  
Whose fabulous Beauty blinded a mortal man;  
You walked by the Palace Fountains in golden dresses  
And slave-girls shielded your face with a sacred fan.

Now you return to an Age grown careless and glaring  
And your loveliness dwells enshrined in my secret heart;  
The stir of your brilliant fan sets the bold world staring,  
But Abdulla's Incense shall wrap you in veils—apart.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN



# The World of the Theatre.

## THE DEAD SEASON: PLAYS THAT PAY.

IF we get down to simple arithmetic and figure out the immediate condition of the theatre, the prospects appear alarming enough. At the time of writing twenty-two of London's legitimate theatres are closed. Some twenty-eight are open, and it is very doubtful if more than a third of these are doing much more than paying their way. What an opportunity for the Jeremiahs—who are always with us—to write their books of lamentations and to howl at the public that has forsaken the theatre. But have they? And can we draw any conclusions from the data which a summer season provides? Remember, this is not an exceptional slump, but an annual occurrence. It has little or nothing to do with trade depression and "the economic blizzard"—to borrow the current picturesque phrase of journalism—for each year, as the holiday season comes round, theatre activities are temporarily suspended. Managements anticipate this "dead season," and, in parenthesis, let me add that London theatre organisation is highly efficient. Managers know their business. Of course, there are always adventurers and interlopers, but their expensive flutters teach, through failure, that the way to success in this world cannot be bought.

It is so easy to lose perspective, so easy for the ardent playgoer to imagine that everybody else shares his enthusiasms. The heterogeneous public for which the theatre chiefly caters is really little concerned with its problems or intentions. The average man and woman are preoccupied with their own affairs—business, social, and domestic matters—and in their leisure they look for some distraction. Summer-time brings its invitations to the country and seaside, the golf course, tennis court, and cricket field. The motorist takes his car and travels beyond the edge where semi-detached houses—with room for garage, no legal fees, or road charges—can be bought by instalments.

Take any group of intelligent men and women actively employed in the business of life, worried with its problems, interested in political and social affairs, discussing every topic with a lively zest, and how many take the theatre seriously? How many, indeed, take any art form seriously? The majority, in the nature of things, are unable to give the concentrated attention and the selective appreciation which are required. They read to enjoy. They go to the theatre for a diversion. And they can afford only the odds-and-ends of their time for such amenities. It is no use deploring this attitude, and far more to the point to explain it. Such popularity as the cinema enjoys is rooted in the fact that, for the most part, it satisfies the desire not for a renewal of activity, but for a means to forget.

But to seek enjoyment, to look for entertainment, to want to escape "the tyranny of facts," is not a cardinal sin. Unless we are passionate devotees, first-nighters, or critics, we go to the theatre in a party spirit, out to fill an evening with pleasurable experiences, and the duty of the theatre is to see we are not disappointed. Briefly, the fare must be good. And let me say here, that there is no fixed boundary between a work of art and the pieces which Philistines enjoy. We relish and take pleasure in something we do, or share. The golfer who holes in one gets a genuine thrill. The motorist, on his back with a spanner, is happy setting right a defect. Well, plays can be just as interesting as golf or motor-cars, and just as enjoyable. The Aldwych farces and "It's a Boy," at the Strand, fear no

such competition for, by their absurd travesty of facts, and the infectious genius of their players, we are forced to share the jovial mood and laugh cares away for a couple of hours. The spectacles at the Coliseum and His Majesty's bring colour and romance and charm, inviting us to skip to the enchanted Tyrol, or join the "Good Companions" in their fairy pilgrimage. We do not sit and stare,

not strictly plays at all, they are good theatre. And the primary object of the theatre is to give pleasure.

Pleasure is not all of one kind. There are the pleasures of forgetting, and those of remembering. There is the pleasure which is the reward of pain, and the pain following the abuse of pleasure. For pleasure is something infinitely better than the sensual meaning of that word. In these strenuous

days it is a good thing to seek the pleasures of relaxation, and wherever they may be found they have their justification. If Mr. Edgar Wallace, out of his fertile mind, devises a detective puzzle to intrigue and baffle us, or if Mr. Walter Hackett seizes on a topical event, and, applying his skilful formula, makes a comedy about an Irish Sweepstake ticket, providing Miss Marion Lorne with an opportunity for her amusing, fussy, flustered characterisation, as in "Take a Chance," at the Whitehall, they frankly set out to satisfy our desire to be entertained. When it is competently done, we enjoy it. To those superior folk who cannot, let me quote Charles Lamb: "I suspect your taste in higher matters."

But pleasure, in the long run, is not in continually running away from life. Perpetual relaxation results in *ennui*, weariness, and boredom. Pleasure means zest, energy, and alertness of mind. The play that compels us to co-operate most imaginatively, intellectually, or

emotionally, will reward us most. Great drama is so apprehensive of life that its imaginative reconstructions open up new horizons. Such impregnations of fineness call for an alertness in the faculty of the spectator, and demand an eagerness to perceive like unto the artist himself. It will not be readily recognised by tired minds, nor will it be forthcoming until we can discern it. But good drama is informed with the same clear purpose. Up to a point it clarifies life. Sometimes it uses wit and railery to lay bare our hypocrisies. "The Improper Duchess," at the Globe, is a continual delight, not only because of the mischievous joy of Miss Yvonne Arnaud's delicious performance, but because Mr. Fagan's comedy has its substratum of thought which commands our intelligence. Sometimes it sweetens life, by casting a spell, touching our emotions tenderly, as in "Autumn Crocus," which is unashamed of sentiment in a cynical world. Sometimes it makes us re-value our values and appreciate more rightly the "Lean Harvest" this materialistic age gathers. Sometimes it opens up the pages of biography and imaginatively searches the conflicts hidden in man's breast, as in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." A distinctive quality is distilled into such work that gives it an interest and value not to be despised. Mr. John van Druten's plays, "After All" and "London Wall," hold up a faithful mirror, yet do not want an audience. These plays pay on both sides of the curtain. They withstand summer's competitive attractions, though their pleasures are not those of distraction, but serious attention.

A run that survives the testing period of the dead season is evidence of popularity. And there is an inbred sanity about popular opinion which will not bestow favours on the utterly worthless. Popularity is one test in the theatre—I am not suggesting it is the test of great drama, or the only test of good drama—but the successful playwright, whether he serves Bacchus or Apollo, helps not only himself and his audience, but the theatre too, for, if he does not create taste, at least he stimulates an appetite.

G. F. H.



THE REVIVAL OF OLD MUSICAL PLAYS AT DALY'S THEATRE: A SCENE FROM "FLORODORA."

Miss Dorothy Ward (as Lady Holyrood) is seen standing on the right of the group of three in front. The other characters are Mr. Charles Stone (seated) as Cyrus W. Gilfain and Mr. George Graves as Anthony Tweedlepunch.

but we respond to finenesses of production and to merits of performance. Musical comedies at the Piccadilly, the Hippodrome, and the Gaiety have held on tenaciously and successfully, because they fulfil their purpose—to entertain; and though they are



MR. JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S PLAY, "AFTER ALL," WHICH HAS PASSED ITS 200TH PERFORMANCE: MISS CELIA JOHNSON AS PHYL, THE PART CREATED BY MISS MADELEINE CARROLL.

From left to right are Miss Celia Johnson; Miss Sydney Fairbrother, as Auntie Doe; Mr. Robert Douglas, as Ralph; and Mr. Cyril Raymond, as Duff Wilson.



# THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL AWAKENING OF CHINA:

FRUITFUL EXCAVATIONS NEAR ANYANG AND AT CH'ENG TZU AI AND WA CHIA HSIEH.

By H. J. TIMPERLEY. Photographs by Courtesy of the Chinese National Institute of History and Philology and the Freer Gallery of Art of the Smithsonian Institution.  
(See Illustrations on the opposite page.)

WHAT were the Chinese people like in the age of Tutankhamen and of Helen of Troy? How did they live, and what was the nature of their civilisation? Apart from fragmentary references in ancient classics of

origin of the bronze industry in China. In Europe all stages of bronze culture have been discovered, from primitive weapons fashioned out of pure copper in imitation of stone objects, to the most highly-finished bronze forms, which even lap over into the Iron Age. So far in China, however, nothing of a primitive character has been found, and this has suggested the possibility that bronze work may have been imported from abroad in an already highly developed state.

A remarkable assortment of animal bones jumbled together in a large pit, or *cache*, raised a zoological problem which the scientists are still debating (Fig. 4). These remains included several tiger-skulls, the under-part of an elephant's jaw, the

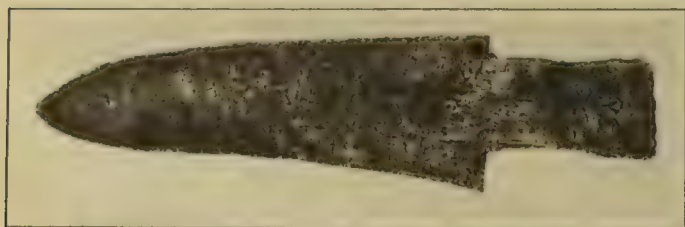
horns of a water-buffalo, the complete skeleton of a wild boar, and, most surprising of all, the huge shoulder-blade of a whale. Many of these animals were natives of Honan in prehistoric times, but it is thought that others must have been imported to stock the royal hunting parks which are mentioned in some of the Shang dynasty records. This explanation, however, can hardly be advanced in the case of the whale, and it is assumed that whale-bones were brought to Anyang from the sea-coast, some hundreds of miles distant, for use as raw material in connection with the flourishing bone-work industry which appears to have been carried on formerly in those parts.

Another large collection of inscribed ox-bones and tortoise-shells used for the consulting of oracles was made. On one of these bones appeared a reference to the *kuei fang*, or "region of demons," which is believed to refer to a barbarian

tribe frequently mentioned in the Chinese classics, and held by some sinologists to be the forerunners of the *hsiung nu*, who were, in turn, the ancestors of the Huns and Turks, occupying territory roughly corresponding to present-day Inner Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan. The existence of the *kuei fang* had previously been a matter of some dispute, but the finding of these characters on the oracle-bone is now regarded as conclusive proof that there was such a region, and that the Shang dynasty people were in contact with it. Interesting light was thrown upon living conditions during the Shang period by the discovery of a number of rectangular and semi-circular pits, many of which were filled with remains of a character suggesting human habitation (Fig. 2). "For years," Dr. Li Chi said, in an interview given for *The Illustrated London News*, "we have been trying to discover what kind of dwellings these people lived in. This year I think we have found enough evidence to justify the statement that they must have lived in a kind of semi-subterranean house, digging a pit into the ground, and covering it with a roof of straw or some other material."

progress has been made in the direction of determining the nature of the culture which the Shang dynasty (traditionally dated 1766-1122 B.C.) represented. Bronze objects—chiefly axe-heads, spear-heads, and socketed halberds (Figs. 1 and 12)—again figured largely among the discoveries. These new finds, however, differed from those of last year in being much more elegant in workmanship and in design. Artistically decorated with the *li-t'ieh*, or "ogre's head" emblem (Figs. 10, 12), they give the impression of having been intended for ceremonial use rather than for employment in actual combat. Possibly, it is thought by archaeologists here, they formed part of the armoury of one of the Shang dynasty kings. The perfection of these examples heightens the mystery which envelops the

in China as building material, and for the construction of city walls. As many as seventeen layers of this stamped earth were found superimposed to a thickness of three or four metres. These may, quite likely, have been the foundations of large buildings, used perhaps for public ceremonies, the superstructure having disappeared. Next year's most important work will be to make a thorough survey of these foundations, if that is what they are. We want eventually to uncover the whole city, but we need a guarantee of peace for three or



1. A WEAPON OF THE SHANG PERIOD (ABOUT 1400 B.C.): A SOCKETED BRONZE HALBERD FOUND AT ANYANG, HONAN.

The bronze objects found this year give the impression of having been intended for ceremonial use rather than for employment in actual combat.

doubtful authenticity, it was difficult, until a year or two ago, to make much more than an intelligent guess at the answers to these queries. Now, as the result of excavations carried out by the Chinese Government, often under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, the mists which have hitherto obscured this remote period of Chinese history are gradually beginning to clear.

In *The Illustrated London News* of June 21, 1930 were described a series of important discoveries made near Anyang, in the province of Honan, by the Chinese National Research Institute of History and Philology, working in co-operation with the Freer Gallery of Art of the Smithsonian Institution in America. The finds resulted from excavations upon a site which has been identified as the "Waste of Yin," a capital of the Shang dynasty in about 1400 B.C. They consisted chiefly of bronze implements and moulds, inscribed oracle-bones, fragments of pottery, and a remarkable example of stone sculpture in the form of the lower section of a squatting human figure.

This year the site has been further investigated by a Chinese expedition led by Dr. Li Chi and Mr. Tung Tso-ping. Setting out on March 21, the scientists continued at work until the middle of May, when political unrest in Central China compelled their return to Peiping. Some 259 cases of valuable archaeological material were brought back for detailed study, and it is felt that much encouraging



3. A NEOLITHIC PIT-DWELLING FOUND AT WA CHIA HSIEH, SHANSI: A DISCOVERY ON THE SITE OF A SETTLEMENT DATING BACK, PERHAPS, TO BETWEEN 1500 AND 2000 B.C.

"Roofed-over with timber which had then been covered with earth, these cave-like structures were plastered inside with mud, upon which designs had been rudely scratched with the point of a stick."

four years before we can finish the work." Besides the Honan expedition, the Institute has done some highly interesting archaeological work at a place called Ch'eng Tzu Ai, near Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung Province, where an immense accumulation of ancient relics was unearthed last December. Though definite evidence is still lacking, it is believed that this site was formerly the seat of the dukedom of Tan, a minor principality under the Chou dynasty (1122-255 B.C.) which was finally annexed by the Duke Chi, at one time the most powerful feudal lord in the Empire. The relics consisted of pottery and stone utensils, examples of bone, ivory, and shell-work; copper weapons and oracle-bones. The excavations revealed two distinct layers, or stages, of culture. The upper one belonged obviously to the Bronze Age, and here, among the crumbling ruins of an ancient city wall, the scientists came upon the skeleton of a man, evidently a warrior, lying face down, with a bronze arrow-head piercing his side.

From an archaeological standpoint, however, by far the most important discovery was yielded by the lower layer, which proved to be Late Neolithic. Amongst numerous stone objects were found fragments of a black pottery-ware so incredibly thin as to be comparable only to the famous egg-shell porcelain of the Ch'ien Lung period.

[Continued on page 236.]

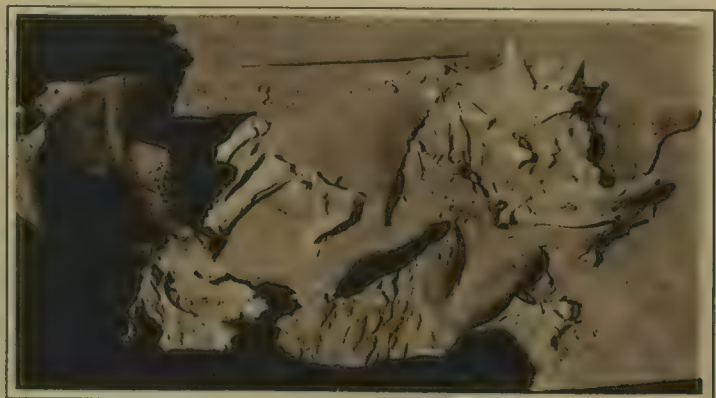


2. AN UNDERGROUND PIT-DWELLING FOUND AT ANYANG, HONAN: A SEMI-SUBTERRANEAN HOUSE OF THE SHANG DYNASTY (ABOUT 1400 B.C.).

The discovery of a number of rectangular and semi-circular pits, many of which were filled with remains of a character suggesting human habitation, has led to the opinion that the people of the Shang period must have lived in "a kind of semi-subterranean house, digging a pit into the ground and covering it with a roof of straw or some other material."

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4. A DISCOVERY WHICH RAISED A ZOOLOGICAL PROBLEM THAT IS STILL BEING DEBATED: ANIMAL BONES IN THE LARGE PIT, OR CACHE, FOUND NEAR ANYANG, HONAN, WHOSE MOST SURPRISING RELIC WAS THE SHOULDER-BLADE OF A WHALE.

"These remains included several tiger-skulls, the under-part of an elephant's jaw, the horns of a water-buffalo, the complete skeleton of a wild boar, and, most surprising of all, the huge shoulder-blade of a whale. . . . It is assumed that whale-bones were brought to Anyang from the sea-coast, some hundreds of miles distant, for use as raw material in connection with the flourishing bone-work industry."



# **TREASURE-TROVE FROM CHINA: REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES NEAR ANYANG AND AT CH'ENG TZU AI AND WA CHIA HSIEH.**



5. LATE NEOLITHIC BLACK POTTERY-WARE FOUND AT CH'ENG TZU AI, SHANTUNG: A VESSEL (RECONSTRUCTED) WHICH IS PROBABLY BETWEEN 3500 AND 4000 YEARS OLD.



6. ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF THE LATE NEOLITHIC 'BLACK POTTERY' FOUND AT CH'ENG TZU AI; SHOWING BEAUTIFUL MOULDING.



7. LATE NEOLITHIC BLACK POTTERY WARE FOUND AT CH'ENG TZU AI: A SPECIMEN OF A WARE WHOSE FINEST PIECES WERE NO THICKER THAN A VISITING-CARD.



8. A SOCKETED BONE SPEAR-HEAD, WITH CARVED DECORATION, FOUND AT ANYANG—WORK OF THE SHANG PERIOD (ABOUT 1400 B.C.).



9. A DEER-SKULL INSCRIBED WITH ARCHAIC CHINESE CHARACTERS INDICATING THAT IT WAS A HUNTING TROPHY OF A KING OF THE SHANG DYNASTY. (ANYANG, HONAN.)

WITH regard to the Late Neolithic black pottery found at Ch'eng Tzu Ai, Mr. Timperley notes in his article: "Amongst numerous stone objects were found fragments of a black pottery-ware so incredibly thin as to be comparable only to the famous egg-shell porcelain of the Chien Lung period. The finest

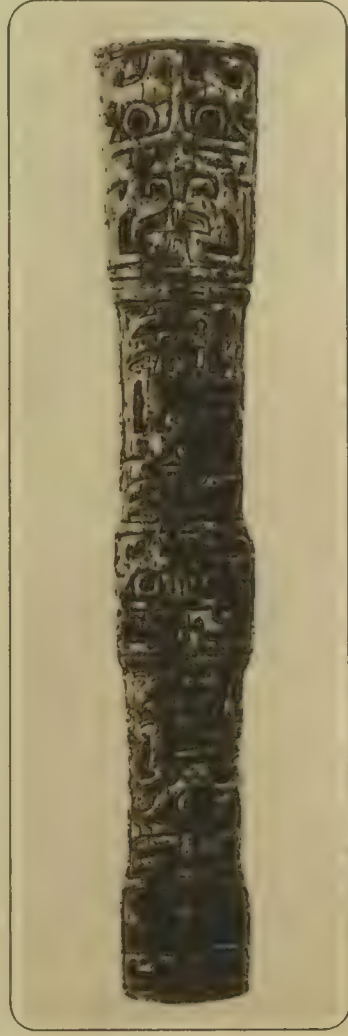
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12. A SOCKETED BRONZE SPEAR-HEAD WITH "OGRE'S-HEAD" DECORATION. (ANYANG, HONAN; SHANG PERIOD.)

[Continued.]

pieces were not more than half a millimetre thick—about the thickness of a stout visiting-card." In a letter, he adds: "Unfortunately, the 'egg-shell' fragments were too small to be worth photographing—the illustrations I am sending are of vessels belonging to the same type of culture, but considerably thicker."



10. A BONE HANDLE WITH A CARVED "OGRE'S HEAD" DESIGN: WORK SUGGESTING THE INDIAN TOTEM-POLE—FOUND AT ANYANG.



11. POTTERY FOUND ON THE SITE OF A NEOLITHIC SETTLEMENT DATING BACK, PERHAPS, TO BETWEEN 1500 AND 2000 B.C.: A PAINTED VESSEL FROM WA CHIA HSIEH, SHANSI.



13. NEOLITHIC POTTERY INSCRIBED WITH RUDE PICTURES OF FISH, BUTTERFLIES, AND FLOWERS: A BLACK WARE VESSEL FOUND DURING EXCAVATIONS NEAR WA CHIA HSIEH.

The very interesting photographs reproduced on this page and in the article on the opposite page represent finds made by three Chinese archaeological expeditions—the one working at that site near Anyang which has been identified as the "Waste of Yin" and was dealt with, also, in our issue of June 21, 1930; a second excavating at Ch'eng Tzu Ai on the site which is believed to have been the seat of the dukedom of Tan, a minor principality of the Chou Dynasty; and a third excavating at Wa Chia Hsieh, which is not far from the point at which the Fen

River joins the Yellow River. Attention may be called, especially, to the rectangular and semi-circular pits discovered on the first-named site, which may be supposed to have housed people of the Shang period in about 1400 B.C.; to the kindred semi-subterranean dwellings discovered on the site of a Neolithic settlement at Wa Chia Hsieh which probably dates back to between 1500 and 2000 B.C.; and to the Late Neolithic lower layer of the Ch'eng Tzu Ai site, which yielded, amongst other things, very remarkable black pottery-ware of amazing thinness.



## THRILLS OF OUTBOARD MOTOR-BOAT RACING—A SPORT

FROM THE DRAWINGS



ROUNDING A MARK: A MOMENT AT WHICH THE PILOT OF AN OUTBOARD MOTOR-BOAT, TAKING A TURN TOO SHARPLY, IS IN DANGER OF CAPSIZING HIS CRAFT.

OUTBOARD motor-boat racing has been popular for some years, but it was only of late that it could be said that it had come into real prominence. That prominence has been increased very much during the last few weeks by the fact that the Prince of Wales has not only bought two outboard motor-boats for his own use and has been practising the sport of motor-boating, but presented that Britannia International Challenge Trophy which was raced for last week on the course between Hammersmith and Barnes railway-bridge. It is of topical interest, therefore, to see the remarkably impressive illustrations here given and, seeing them and the speed they suggest, to recall that the first official race held in this country for outboard boats—that sponsored by the British Motor-Boat Club in 1923—was won at seven miles an hour; although, in justice, it must be recalled that before that particular event the craft used were ordinary rowing-dinghies whose motors, clipped on to the stern, developed a mere two to three horse-power, and thus permitted a top speed of somewhere about five miles an hour! To-day, matters are very different. The outboard speed-record stands at over fifty miles an hour, and even the little 350-c.c. "B" class boats will pass the "forty" mark with ease. As a consequence, the driving of an outboard racer has become an affair of very exceptional skill and of a high degree of physical fitness. For all this, the sport may be regarded as safe. The reckless or the over-excited pilot may attempt to round a mark too sharply and therefore capsize his craft—but, after all, to fall on water is very different from falling on a

(Continued opposite.)



A HOME TEST OF AN OUTBOARD ENGINE—WITH THE AID OF A FULL WATER-BUTT: WORK THE PILOT SHOULD DO HIMSELF.

## ENCOURAGED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: STUDIES OF SPEED.

BY H. J. MOSER.



A HAZARD OF THE SPORT: AN OVER-DARING PILOT "TAKING A TOSS" WHILE OUTBOARD MOTOR-BOAT RACING AT A SPEED APPROACHING FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.



PATCHING A SLIGHTLY DAMAGED HULL WITH A WOODEN BOX-LID: AN EMERGENCY REPAIR NECESSITATED BY AN ACCIDENT DURING A REGATTA.

concrete track—and, so far as the mechanical side is concerned, the engine will suffer no serious harm if taken down and cleaned immediately. For the rest, a pilot must not only have absolute control of his craft, and learn to so time his flying start that he is neither left at the post nor disqualified because he has anticipated the starting-gun, but must understand thoroughly the art of tuning his engine. Pilots who have gone far in the sport are not those who have left the preparation of their outfits entirely to mechanics. They have spent hours at the bench and the testing-tank before each race. "The thrill of driving one of these boats," writes a racing driver, "has to be experienced to be appreciated. Naturally, the speeds attained do not sound very high when compared with those reached by the racing car or the aeroplane, but the close proximity of the rushing water and the 'live' feel of the boat give the sport an excitement that is all its own." To which may be added: "The transformation in outboard racing occurred when the feasibility of driving a skimming-boat or hydroplane by means of an outboard motor was discovered. To drive even a small boat through the water at any considerable speed entails the use of a great deal of power, but a light skimming-boat can be driven over the water at a high speed by quite a low-powered engine. A high speed of propeller-rotation is necessary, however, and a modern outboard racing-engine, when opened out, turns over at 5000—and, in some cases, over 6000—revolutions per minute. The boats used in outboard hydroplane racing are very light, flimsy affairs, weighing even in the Unlimited class not much over 100 lb."



## LAND-LUXURIES ON THE HIGH SEAS: AMENITIES OF NEW OCEAN LINERS.



BOND STREET EN VOYAGE: A SHOP ON BOARD THE FAMOUS NEW C.P.R. LINER, THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"—AN EMPORIUM AT THE SIDE OF "THE MALL."



THE "NEVER-NEVER" LAND PUTS TO SEA IN ITS MOST DELIGHTFUL FORM: A TOY-FILLED PLAY-ROOM ON BOARD THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" WHERE THE SMALLEST PASSENGERS MAY FIND THEMSELVES AT HOME.

THOSE who are fond of lamenting the bad taste of the age—the æsthetic worthlessness of much mass-produced furniture, the deplorable absorption of sham antiques by middle-class households, and so forth—often enough come to the conclusion that what is wanting is a plentitude of intelligent patrons who will make good work worth doing. These Jeremiahs may be reminded that such patrons already exist in considerable numbers, and that prominent among them are the proprietors of famous hotels and the owners of great passenger-carrying lines, men of intelligence and generosity who are keenly cognisant of the merits of those artists and designers who can produce what is both distinguished and original. Note, for example, the great

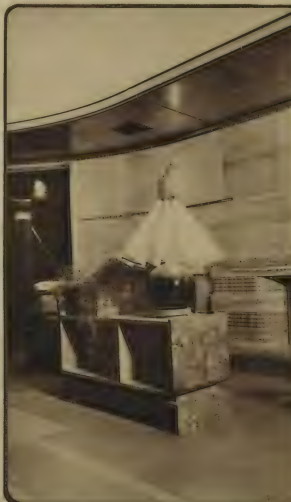
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A TRULY REGAL APARTMENT ON THE HIGH SEAS: THE WRITING-ROOM ON BOARD THE "REINA DEL PACIFICO" (P.S.N. CO.), WHEREIN THE DECORATIONS ARE IN THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH STYLE; AND DERIVED FROM THE HISTORIC ESCORIAL PALACE, MADRID.

(Continued.)

out in marble pilasters, bronzes, and curtains of silk damask. Remark also that a revulsion from the conventional decoration of certain of the less modern luxury hotels (as perpetuated too often by Hollywood and provincial music-halls) has been a potent influence on the decorators of the Lloyd Triestino motor-vessels "Victoria." In the old passenger-ships the frames and the skeleton contrasted in ugly fashion with the style of sodal apartments and state rooms suffering under banal traditions—æsthetic absurdities of their day and hour. In the "Victoria," on the other hand, it has been sought to blend the work of the marine architect with that of the decorators of the ship. A "functional" style of liner-decoration has been followed—or, as it is called in America, the "French style"—one of straightforward, simple lines. The carrying-out of this idea is well illustrated in the dining-room in the "Victoria" (seen illustrated here), which is two decks high, without columnar supports, and is lit by sixteen windows over 5 metres high. Here the decoration faithfully follows the lines of the ship's "skeleton"—the five frames, set arcade fashion, stand out boldly and firmly and are encased in Macassar ebony. Again, in the appointments of the bar we look in vain for the traditional furniture of nautical decoration. The tapestry on the walls is of a restful ivory shade. In front of the



SHIP-DECORATORS AHEAD OF THEIR TIME! THE ULTRA-OF PARCHMENT WALLS, A FIGURE OF VICTORY IN SILVER IN VIOLET-STAINED



THE DIGNIFIED SOBRIETY OF THE SO-CALLED "FRENCH STYLE" OF DECORATION IN THE LLOYD TRIESTINO MOTOR-VESSEL "VICTORIA": A STATE CABIN WHICH HAS NONE OF THE PICTURESQUE DISCOMFORTS ONCE ASSOCIATED WITH SEA VOYAGES.

Empress Room on board the new C.P.R. liner, "Empress of Britain"; a grandly conceived interior decorated by Sir John Lavery with evident delicacy and taste, the harmony of the Academician's design forming a background to the graces of music and dancing. In the dining-room in the same ship (the Salle Jacques Cartier), it is Mr. Frank Brangwyn who has worked out an opulent conception of the fruits of the earth and the delicacies of the table—as freely and sumptuously spread as in one of the Arabian Nights! The style of the Mayfair lounge is in contrast with this. Here Sir Charles Allom has caught something of the intangible "air" which we are accustomed to associate with the best English style. The sober and restrained idea is carried

(Continued below.)

## FLOATING MANSION, FLAT, HOTEL, GARAGE, AND SHOPPING-CENTRE.



THE GARAGE IN A MODERN "FLOATING TOWN," WHICH SAVES CARS THE INDIGNITY OF BEING HOISTED ABOARD: A MOTOR-CAR DRIVING INTO THE "VICTORIA."



MODERN BAR ON THE "VICTORIA": AN ENSEMBLE OF PARCHMENT WALLS, A REAL FIREPLACE, AND A BAR EBONY AND BRASS.



THE DIGNIFIED SIMPLICITY OF THE FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN THE "VICTORIA": A WELL-LIGHTED HALL TWO DECKS HIGH; SHOWING THE FRAMES OF THE SHIP STANDING OUT AS FIVE ARCADES ENCASED IN MACASSAR EBONY, AND TWO MOST DECORATIVE FIGURES.

bar is a real fireplace, over which is a representation of the "Victoria" in gold, with, to the right, a figure of "Victory." So to that fine motor-vessel, the "Reina del Pacifico," for which the Pacific Steam Navigation Company evolved for the most important apartments a principle of interior decoration which differs from either of the two preceding. Here the designing, decorating, and furnishing of the public rooms are based on the Spanish style of the Moresque and Colonial periods. In the first-class dining-saloon there is wrought ironwork from Spain; the chairs are of Spanish design; and there are little settees for two copied from those at Toledo. But it is in the grand hall and balcony that the Spanish idea reaches its climax. An oriel of Mushrabayah at the forward end conceals the cinema operating-room; and opposite this is the balcony, over which hang richly embroidered velvets of the period. Marble shafts and heraldry in Spanish tiles relieve the plain walls. It is interesting to note that the decorators of both the British liners seem to have made it their aim to full the passenger into careless oblivion of the fact that he is on the sea; while those of the Italian vessel have sought to remind him—albeit gently—that he is on a modern ship superbly adapted to her purpose, and that there is something rather romantic in this.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

before Homer, just as there were brave men before Agamemnon, but in tracing our poetical ancestry, perhaps, we can afford to neglect them. For practical purposes, Homer and his successors in Ancient Greece form the *fons et origo* of modern verse. The complete reader of books of the day, therefore, has good cause to investigate "THE GREEK VIEW OF POETRY." By E. E. Sikes, M.A., President of St. John's College, Cambridge; author of "Roman Poetry," and "The Anthropology of the Greeks" (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). "The object of this book," writes the author, "is to examine the critical theories and—in a broader sense—the popular appreciation of poetry by the Greeks. Incidentally, for the sake of completeness, I have touched on the whole range of Greek critics, in their references to prose as well as poetry, so that the present work may, I hope, be regarded as material for the First Chapter in the History of Criticism." Naturally, some acquaintance with the literature which the Greeks had to criticize is presupposed in the reader, but even those whose knowledge in that respect is of the slightest will find much to interest them, and still more to stimulate them to further study, aided by many unobtrusive footnotes giving sources of statements and quotations. Mr. Sikes writes with such lucidity and charm, and provides so many links with English poetry, that it is hardly necessary to be a classical student to appreciate the fine flavour of his scholarship and erudition.

For my own part, I am bound to admit a personal element in my enjoyment, for the book carries me back in memory some thirty-six years to a Johnian lecture-room, wherein I sat, at the learned author's feet, and received from his own lips instruction far other than that which a certain namesake of his could have imparted to Oliver Twist. The subject of those particular lectures was the Epigrams of Martial, in expounding which Mr. Sikes practised the discreet art of selection. Another vision of the present President of John's, that remains vividly in my recollection, shows him occupying the presidential chair at college smoking concerts, which a contemporary poet epitomised as—

Smoke and the Muse and half  
a hundred pipes.

In reading "The Greek View of Poetry," therefore, I cannot wholly detach my thoughts from the Johnian view of song, associated with such modern instances as "Soldier of the Queen" and "On the Road to Mandalay," in the chorus of which I joined on those festive occasions, under the genial agis of Mr. Sikes. Only a few weeks ago, by the way, he was invited to preside at the annual Johnian dinner in London.

To revert to his new book—the eight chapters are concerned severally with early Greek Criticism, including the age of Pindar; Aristophanes as critic; Plato, who in planning his ideal republic said, "the poets must go"; Aristotle (2 chapters), who disagreed with Plato in that matter; Alexandrine criticism; the Græco-Roman critics, including Plutarch and Dionysius of Halicarnassus; and, finally, Longinus, whose famous treatise *On the Sublime* completes the critical achievement of Greece. The aim of Mr. Sikes's book is "mainly historical"; that is, he records the opinions of Greek writers without necessarily always endorsing them.

Various questions bearing closely on modern views of poetry occur in the section on Aristotle. Here, for example, is a pronouncement which some of our bards might profitably ponder. "Those who require poetry to be the unique intuition of the individual" (writes Mr. Sikes) "seem to forget that this self-expression, however personal, can have no permanent value, unless it is also universal. A particular experience must touch some chord to which common humanity can respond. The abnormal, in itself, is not the proper study of a poet, though it may interest a pathologist." Aristotle, we are reminded, demanded that the poet should represent "men in action."

Aristotle might find a few pieces alien to his poetic theory, perhaps, as being introspective rather than dramatic, but assuredly nothing to condemn on æsthetic grounds, in "THE MERCURY BOOK OF VERSE." Being a Selection, of Poems Published in the *London Mercury*, 1919-1930. Introduction by Sir Henry Newbolt (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.).

This is one of the best anthologies of modern verse that I have come across. The Greek sage might be puzzled by some of the allusions, such as those to champagne and bridge, and he would doubtless prefer, as a title, the *London Hermes*, but I am sure he would like the late Poet Laureate's (Robert Bridges) address to Themis, going deep into what Mr. Sikes calls "the uncertainties of things." On the other hand, I fear Aristotle would be out of his depth in the lines by Mr. Edward Shanks headed "Overheard at a Literary Party." I wonder what would he make of the following couplet—

"One likes her, of course, but, of course, she can't write." . . .  
"His reviews don't mean much, but they always are bright."

The ancient Greek poets, I believe, did not suffer from reviewers, though they had other critical gadflies to bite them.

In a group of four volumes of verse by individual living writers, the outstanding one is "THE COLLECTED SATIRES AND POEMS OF OSBERT SITWELL" (Duckworth: 8s. 6d.). Mr. Sitwell is a master of style and diction, both in the serious and the comic manner, and his felicity of phrase affords

the continual pleasure of surprise. His war poems are steeped in the gall of irony and indignation, while, in lighter vein, his satiric character-studies of various types of the home-bred Philistine are a sheer delight. This book, I think, establishes him as a satirist of the first rank. Classical allusions are frequent, and there are Aristophanic gibes at literary contemporaries in a dramatic skit called "The Jolly Old Squire" or "Way Down in Georgia," wherein a certain magazine

Then I turned over on my side,  
And watched alone the moon of doubt  
Across the silver panel slide.

The second line, by the way, recalls one in Tennyson's "Last Fight of the Revenge." I am not accusing Mr. John of plagiarism, as all his work is distinctly original, but his contemplative attitude of mind, I should say, is rather akin to the Victorian than to the ultra-modern.

The modernist spirit, on the other hand, with its daring physiology, in revolt from Victorian reticence, is more apparent in "TWENTY-THREE POEMS." By Bryan Guinness (Duckworth; 6s.). This poet, who belongs to the *London Mercury* circle, occasionally emulates Mr. Sitwell in describing familiar scenes, such as a railway terminus, Piccadilly, or the Crystal Palace, with a touch of ironic humour. In graver mood, like Mr. John, he too finds inspiration in nature, apostrophises wind and sun, and hints at life's deeper problems. Thus, "in the absence of the sun," he declares—

Man in the darkness  
Gropes for a purpose,  
Spins his religions,  
Cerebral cobwebs,  
Infested with doubts.

The fourth member of the quartet is far more fertile than the preceding two, sowing effusions "from the sack," and not "with the hand," in "COLLECTED AND UNPUBLISHED POEMS." By Alfred Smythe (Cecil Palmer; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Smythe, whose acknowledgments prove him a busy contributor to sundry journals, pours forth a flood of metrical fluency, including war-time pieces. His poetical heroes are indicated by tributes to Byron, Tennyson, and Longfellow. He challenges "The Village Blacksmith" with lines on "The Forge," and a canto of "In Memoriam" with "The Bells of the New Year." As thus—

Oh ye bells, ring out the old;  
Ring in the new so young and kind:  
Oh ye bells, ring in the new  
And banish all that's grim behind.

If Tennyson has read this in the shades, I can imagine that he "somewhat grimly smiled."

Several other attractive books of cognate interest to some of the foregoing must be briefly mentioned. Poetry is represented by a dainty booklet, in paper covers, called "DANTE IN THE CASENTINO." By G. McCroben (Giulio Giannini and Son, Florence). Illustrated with twenty-eight photographs of places associated with the poet. On the classical side comes, from Germany, a vivid biography—"CLEOPATRA." A Royal Voluptuary. By Oskar von Wertheimer. Translated by Huntley Paterson. With thirty-two illustrations (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). The author describes it as "a fresh attempt to understand the personality of this great woman." It has the stir and glamour of historical romance, and pictures a dramatic period in profuse and unfamiliar detail. An allusion to the length of Cleopatra's nose, as represented on Egyptian coins, serves to introduce "GREEK COINAGE." By J. G. Milne (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 6s.).

This scholarly and well-illustrated little book, tracing the origin and development of Greek currency, is intended primarily for University students, but will appeal to all readers interested in antiquity.

Greek money is only one subject out of many explained in simple style, for boys and girls, in "EVERYDAY THINGS IN ARCHAIC GREECE." By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. With Coloured Frontispiece and eighty-five other illustrations, Map, Historical Chart, and Bibliography (Batsford; 7s. 6d.). To the same excellent series by these popular authors belong "EVERYDAY THINGS IN HOMERIC GREECE," and second editions of their "HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND." Part I., 1066-1499; and "EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE NEW STONE, BRONZE, AND EARLY IRON AGES," all likewise published by Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd. No such delectable implements of instruction were wielded in my young days, and I could bear being transformed into a school-boy again (*à la* "Vice Versa") in order to experience their uses.

C. E. B.



A RUIN WHICH IS OF RENEWED INTEREST IN THESE DAYS OF THE REVIVAL OF FALCONRY: THE REMAINS OF A TWELFTH-CENTURY BUILDING IN WHICH HAWKS WERE KEPT IN SCOTLAND.

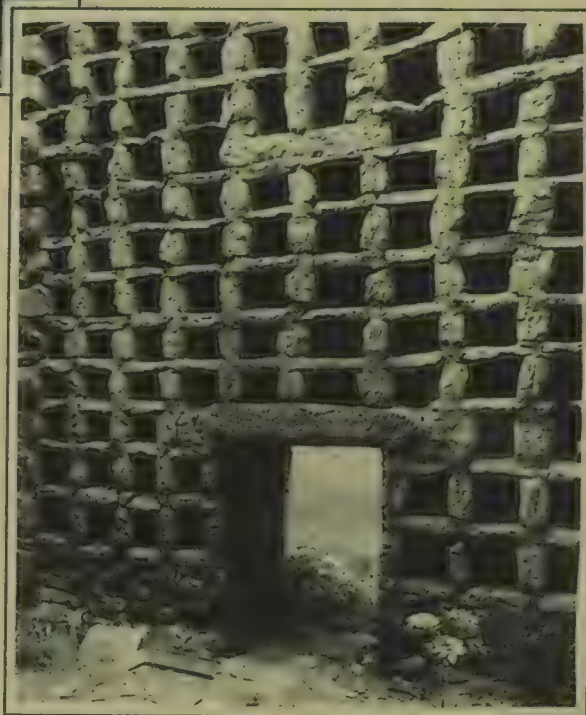
The ruined building here illustrated, a structure in which hawks trained for falconry were kept, is on the Orbiston estate, in Lanarkshire, and is adjacent to Orbiston House, which replaced the twelfth-century Orbiston Castle. Orbiston House, it must be added, is in course of demolition. It is associated with many famous visitors, notably the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Moore, General Sir Neil Douglas, and Sir Walter Scott, in whose honour a great dinner was given. Orbiston Castle was once a stronghold of the Douglasses.

introduced as the *English Hermes* may doubtless be identified with the *London Mercury*. Elsewhere Mr. Sitwell gives a portrait gallery of personages famous in antiquity, among them Socrates, Plato, and—

Tawny Cleopatra with  
her golden eyes  
Loving the skin-deep  
luxuries.

Next comes a charming little sheaf of verse which is interesting, not only for its own quality, but as an example of artistic genius taking a new form in the second generation. I refer here to "POEMS." By Romilly John (Heinemann; 5s.). The author is a son of Augustus John, and the great painter has contributed an original drawing of his poet son, which is reproduced as the frontispiece and on the wrapper. In these first fruits of his muse, a score or so of short pieces evoked by some passing mood or fancy, Mr. Romilly John reveals a reflective and serious mind, immersed in the mysteries of life and the beauties of nature. If he chose the brush instead of the pen to express himself, he would, I think, prefer landscape-painting to portraiture. His poems show a delicate sense of rhythm and imaginative power in describing the visible world, especially sea and wind and sky, and the movements of heavenly bodies. There is a continuity in his verse that does not lend itself to detached quotation, but the following stanza is rather typical of his temperament—

When the world turned over on his side,  
And the sun went down and the stars came out,  
And all was plunged in Lethe's tide,

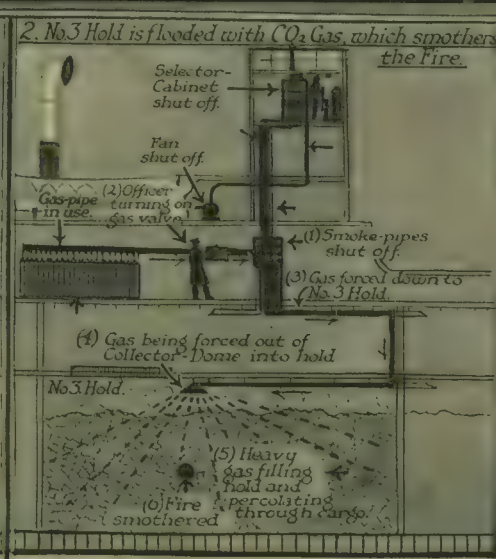
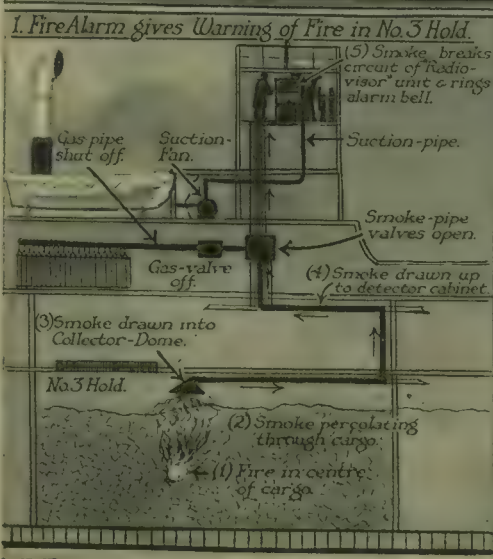
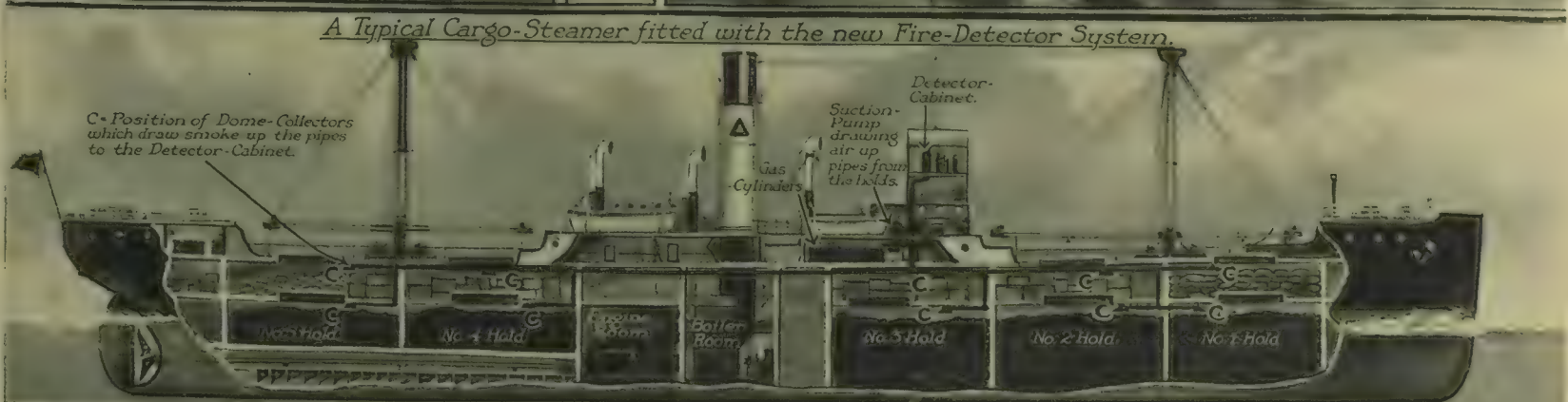
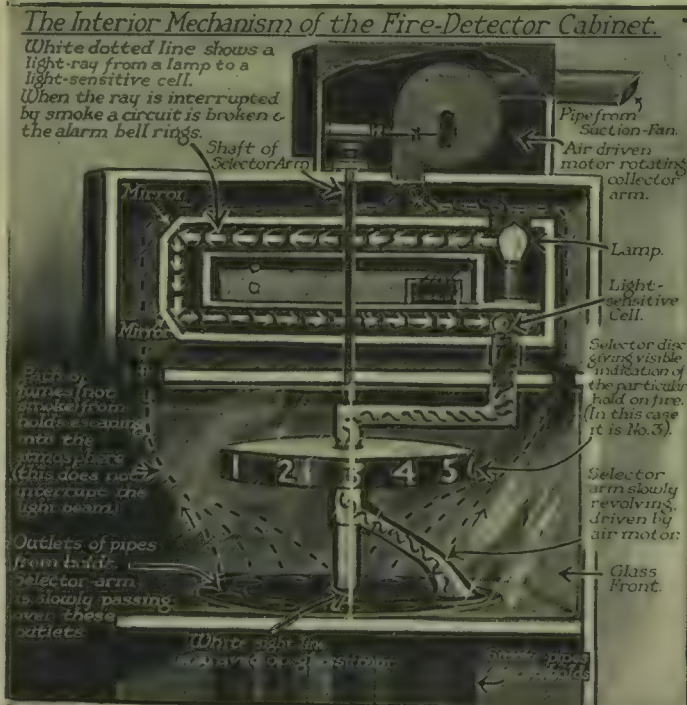
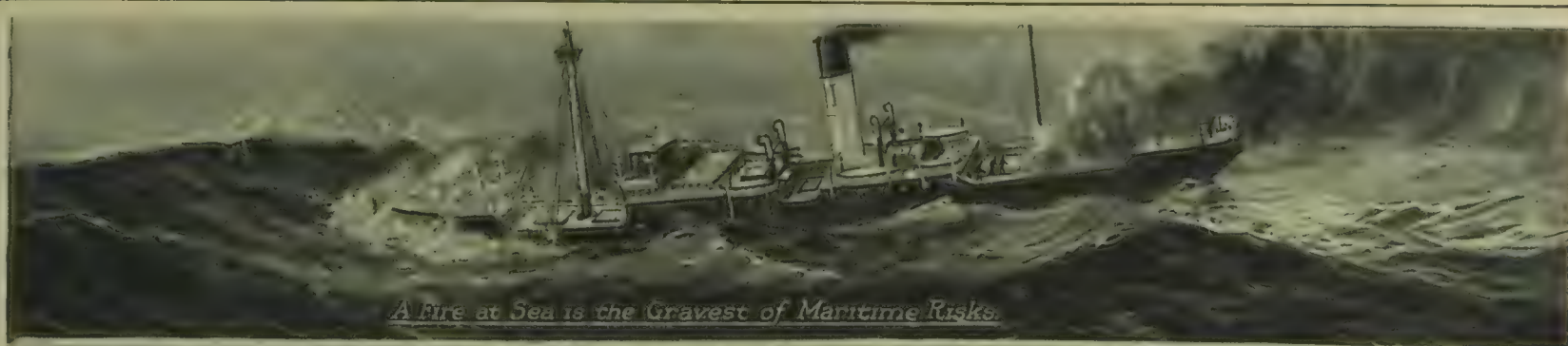


TWELFTH-CENTURY COTES FOR HAWKS: DETAIL OF THE RUINED BUILDING; SHOWING ACCOMMODATION FOR THE BIRDS.



# FIRE AT SEA: "GASSING" THE MARINER'S GREATEST ENEMY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. FOAMITE FIREFOAM, LTD.



## FIRES WHICH, IF FOUGHT WITH WATER, MIGHT BURN FOR WEEKS, RAPIDLY "SMOTHERED" BY CARBONIC ACID GAS.

The recent fire in the bunkers of the liner "Circassia," which is at Queenstown for scrapping, lends additional interest to this drawing. Our artist notes: "The gravest marine danger is a fire in the ship's holds, and the system illustrated here is the latest method of fighting it. The Foamite (Radiovisor) Smoke-Detection System consists of running pipe-lines from a central point to the holds, where each pipe terminates in a saucer-shaped dome. The pipes at the central point are taken through two-way valves and connected to cylinders filled with carbonic acid gas. From the valves other pipes run to the detection cabinet in the wheel-house. This cabinet has a disc where the open ends of the smoke-pipes terminate. Throughout the voyage a tubular arm with a bell-shaped mouth moves slowly round, over the open mouths of the smoke-pipes. Fans are always at work drawing the atmosphere from the holds into the collector domes and up through the pipes. Fumes pass from the pipes

into a box traversed by a light-beam, focussed upon a light-sensitive cell. Should the cargo in any hold catch fire, smoke is drawn up the pipe, and passes into the detection cabinet. As the revolving selector-arm passes over the open end of this pipe, the smoke is conveyed through the arm and through the box containing the light-beam. This beam, interrupted by the smoke, causes the light-sensitive cell's resistance to be increased, whereupon an electric circuit is closed, which causes a warning light to glow and the fire-alarm bell to ring. Attached to the spindle of the selector-arm is a disc bearing a number which tells the officer of the watch which hold is on fire. He must then operate the two-way valves and shut off the pipes connected to the detector cabinet, simultaneously opening a pipe-line from the gas cylinders to the pipe leading to that hold. He pulls another lever and gas from the cylinders fills the hold, percolating through the cargo, reaches the fire and smothers it."



# THE VOICE OF THE TAX-PAYER.

By A. A. B.

## XI.—THE REDISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

TO redistribute wealth by taking from the rich and giving to the poor has been the object of all revolutions; and, so far as history records, it has only been accomplished by bloodshed. Such were the object and effect of the first French Revolution in 1789; and such were the aim and result of the Russian Revolution of 1917, to which the French business was child's play. In both cases the mob,

generation: I mean the dealers in house-property. The advertisement columns of the Press are crammed daily with houses for sale—houses which range from the castle of the territorial peer and the manor-house of the squire who has managed his estate for centuries, down to the town-houses of dukes and millionaires and the villas and bungalows of the middle class. Who is to buy them, or to live in them?

nobody nowadays does any work which he or she finds irksome.

This is the other side of the democratic picture, and I confess it makes me uneasy. Suppose the supply of capital to keep industry going—what the old economists called "the wages fund"—were to dry up? It shows some signs of running dry already, for dividends and directors' fees are being passed or reduced right and left; and the rubber industry is ruined. The eighty-three millions from death duties—which is, of course, saved capital—that is being spent by our reckless Government on doles and social services, will surely diminish, and then disappear, as the land-owners will not be able to leave anything. There are ominous indications that the shopkeepers are coming to the end of their harvest. The retailers' paradise is beginning to crack; the shop-assistants' salaries are already being cut, their hours lengthened, and their numbers reduced by dismissals. This is only the beginning: in a year or two, if things go on as they are, clerks, counter-girls, and young men will be turned out in droves, and must swell the army of unemployed. Who is to supply the money for the doles, if our governors, in order to please the trade union officials who fill half the House of Commons, persist in ruining the people with money and estates? Nobody's wages will be safe, except those protected by trade unions or by municipal and State employers. And they, of course, are dependent on rates and taxes.

From whom is this money taken? From the owners of land, from the possessors of stocks and shares, from the *rentier*, the capitalists, who are also the employers of labour. Never before in English history have those who live on wages and salaries—artisans, clerks, shop-assistants, the employees of public authorities, unskilled labourers even more than skilled, domestic servants—been so well clothed, fed, and educated, and had so much money to spend on amusements and lux-



PROFESSOR EINSTEIN—OF RELATIVITY FAME—IS EMPHATIC WHILE MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD LISTENS.

It is interesting to note that Professor Einstein has just appealed to his fellow men of science and to the intellectuals of the world in general to refuse to co-operate in research for war purposes.

armed itself, killed the Sovereigns, cut the throats of the land-owners and the *bourgeoisie*, and proceeded to distribute their property in the name of the State. The French Jacobins and the Russian Bolsheviks were savages, which the British people never have been and never will be. Curiously enough, the Great War to end war between 1914 and 1918 has done for us what the French and Russian Revolutions did, without civil war. One of the unobserved effects of the Great War, besides destroying three European Monarchies, has been to teach the masses the power of numbers over Parliaments and other established authorities. Without barricades or street fighting or throat-cutting, but by the adoption of universal suffrage and the use of the ballot-box, the British Socialists have redistributed and are redistributing the property of Great Britain. Why be at the trouble of killing or imprisoning a man, as was the fashion—rather rough—of ancient times, when you can take his property by Act of Parliament, with all the solemn forms of law and in the name of Society?

That the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, one of the shibboleths of the Labour-Socialist Party, is a lie, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable." Compared with a hundred years ago, wages have quadrupled. Compared with 1913, before the war, only eighteen years ago, wages have been trebled for manual labour; while for domestic servants they have been doubled, both in money and in the cost of their keep. Distributors—that is, retail shopkeepers—have in the last ten years amassed fortunes. There is another class that is rolling up money, whose riches I cannot think bode well for the welfare of the next

uries, on cinemas, silk stockings, motor-coaches, football matches, and rich food. An excellent thing, you will say; what more can anybody desire? What does it matter if clergymen, doctors, artists, writers, musicians, actors, teachers, are many of them on the verge of starvation, without any Government doles to relieve them of worry?

Democracy, whose enfranchisement, by the way, we owe to the Tories, is redistributing wealth, and everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds, according to Pangloss, the great optimist, the Mark Tapley of Voltaire's romance. The bigger country houses are being turned into hotels, country clubs, or homes for the mentally deficient, the one class whose number, in spite of birth-control, is steadily rising. The owners find that with income tax, surtax, and death duties, to which the new site-value duty is about to be added, they can't afford to keep up the old place; and, if they could manage by pinching and scraping to remain at the Hall, they can't get servants, for the country bores servants, and



MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD IS EMPHATIC WHILE PROFESSOR EINSTEIN LISTENS: THE PRIME MINISTER WITH THE ANGLO-GERMAN SOCIETY IN BERLIN.

And so, as I trust my readers will already have begun to perceive, the redistribution of wealth may be carried to a point when there will be nothing left to redistribute. There is another great danger that has hitherto escaped notice. Women now form the majority of voters, and the majority of women neither smoke nor drink. Out of twenty-nine millions, only two and a half millions pay direct taxes. The other twenty-seven millions pay duties on tobacco and alcohol. The female majority, using neither, are therefore exempt from all taxation, indirect as well as direct. Yet they rule us.

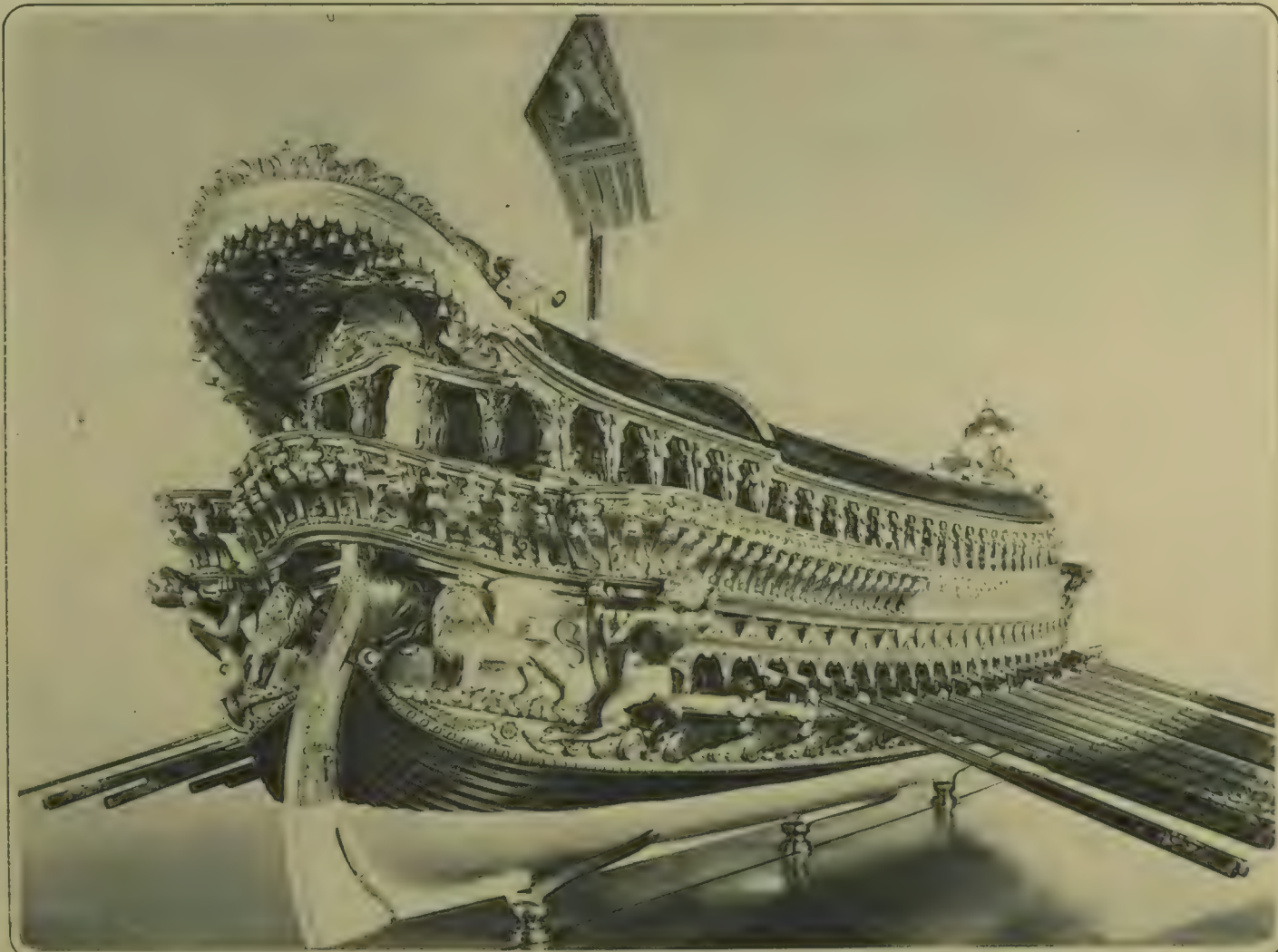


## A MODEL OF A "BUCENTAUR" IN WHICH VENICE WEDDED THE SEA.



A MODEL OF THE VENETIAN STATE GALLEY WHICH INSPIRED MANY A VENETIAN ARTIST: A "BUCENTAUR"; SHOWING THE ROWS OF OARS WHICH HAVE LED SOME TO DERIVE THE NAME FROM A CORRUPTION OF THE LATIN *DUCENTORUM*—"OF TWO HUNDRED" (OARS).

THE "Bucentaur" was the state ship of the Doges of Venice. The first "Bucentaur" was built in 1311, and from that date up to 1789 a ship of the name was connected with the ceremony of "wedding the sea," which was performed annually by the Doge on Ascension Day. The ceremony itself was of even greater antiquity. It began about the year 1000 A.D., to commemorate Doge Orseolo the Second's conquest of Dalmatia, and was ever afterwards symbolical of Venice's maritime supremacy. A solemn procession of boats, headed by the Doge's ship, put out by the Lido port, and with the words "*Desponsamus te, mare*" ("We wed thee, sea"), the Doge dropped a consecrated ring into the Adriatic. In all, three boats of the name were built. The last was destroyed by the French in 1798 for the sake of her golden decorations. The name "Bucentaur" is probably derived from the Italian "*buzino d'oro*" ("bark of gold"). The ships were famous for their magnificence, and have been an inspiration to many artists, notably Canaletto and his school, in the eighteenth century. In his recent book, "*Sailing the Seas*," Mr. E. Keble Chatterton, writing of gorgeous vessels, says: "History perpetuated nothing else like Caligula's freak galleys, if we except the Venetian 'Bucentaur,' with which the Doges



A STERN-VIEW OF THE "BUCENTAUR" MODEL: A PHOTOGRAPH EMPHASISING THE SPLENDID GOLD DECORATIONS FOR WHOSE SAKE THE LAST AND MOST MAGNIFICENT CRAFT OF THE NAME (BUILT IN 1729) WAS DESTROYED BY THE FRENCH IN 1798.

used to engage in the ceremony of marrying the Adriatic." The model illustrated above is kept in the Museum of the Arsenal of Venice, together with the scanty remains of the last real vessel.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A PEWTER EXHIBITION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

who want to possess not just a collection of rarities, but good genuine pieces with which to decorate a room.

Once upon a time the business of pewter manufacture must have been of immense proportions.

either of glass or earthenware, which is no doubt the descendant of this obsolete measure.

Of the Continental examples, a pair of "Écuellés," those very charming and distinctive French eighteenth-century types of covered vessels with two handles, rather resembling a quail when the lid is removed, are very pleasant indeed; more imposing, but a trifle coarse, is a big flagon that once belonged to a German Bakers' Guild, made in 1680 and renovated in 1739, and bearing an inscription and a badge of fancy rolls between palm-branches. Less important, but to my mind far more pleasing, is a Swedish tankard with a lid, and a simple "wriggling" engraving. This is doubly attractive because, owing to some difference in the alloy, it takes a more brilliant polish than the average: it is, in short, a piece which many would confidently call "silver" pewter, but as far as

AN alloy of base metal has this advantage from the point of view of pure design: it does not lend itself very easily to extravagant elaboration, and the most ambitious craftsman is kept within fairly sober bounds by the very obstinacy of his medium. Consequently the many pewter articles which have survived the hard usage of centuries exhibit, in the main, a common-sense matter-of-factness which followed the designs of the contemporary silversmith without being able to emulate his sometimes unnecessary refinements. The impression of



1. NOW TO BE SEEN IN AN EXHIBITION OF OLD PEWTER:  
A SET OF CYLINDRICAL NORTHERN FRENCH WINE-MEASURES.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Mr. Howard H. Cotterell, F.R.Hist.S., and of Messrs. Osborne and Co., 1a, Grafton Street.

As far as the history of mediæval Europe is concerned, one must think of the introduction of pewter as marking a gradual but none the less definite change in social habits. By the time of Elizabeth, platters and bowls of wood (usually known as "treene") were making way in most households for services of pewter. The comfort and convenience of earthenware dishes and cups did not reach the average domestic dinner-table until quite late in the eighteenth century. Pewter was common enough, and was used for dozens of ordinary objects, and it is just this fact that partly accounts for its scarcity to-day: just as we discard a broken tea-cup, so did our ancestors break up their pewter, or throw it on the rubbish-heap, or burn it, or repair it temporarily, and finally destroy it altogether: it was cheap and easily replaced. At the same time, though it was used mainly for the common objects of the household, that does not mean that the pewterers did not embellish their products to the best of their ability—and, indeed, some of the seventeenth-

century tankards which are engraved with a bold and simple design of tulips are little masterpieces of restraint.

The collection under review is especially notable for a great variety of English late-seventeenth-century plates and chargers, and there are also a number of Scottish communion vessels and tavern measures, including the well-known type, the "Tappit-hen." This distinctive shape used to be derived from a fancied resemblance to a crested hen: a more logical explanation has recently been advanced by Mr. H. H. Cotterell, whose authority, by this time, is unquestioned. He suggests that the expression, Tappit-hen is merely a corruption of the old French quart measure—"Topynett"—and that the word refers not to the shape, but to the vessel's capacity. It may be of interest to note here that there is a modern French word, "Topette," used of a long narrow flask,

I know one has no proof that the more precious metal was ever added: a greater proportion of tin would no doubt be sufficient to account for its brilliance.

A set of French cylindrical measures is attractive, and difficult to find (Fig. 1); but for purity of line and admirable balance one must go a long way before finding a shape that can improve upon the Normandy cider-flagon of Fig. 2. Another Normandy piece is illustrated in Fig. 3—about 1740—which is a good example of the extreme conservatism of popular handicrafts, for this shape, and the twin-acorn thumbpiece, are characteristic of the Middle Ages rather than of the eighteenth century.

Fig. 4 is a rarity in the shape of a powder-flask, salvaged in 1912 from the Spanish galleon *Florestia* beneath the waters of Tobermory Bay. It is not without interest to note that the shape of this relic is very similar to that of hundreds of pieces of Persian, Levantine, and Venetian glass

and enamels. Finally, there is Fig. 5, an odd little tobacco-box, the decorative details of which are picked out in silver and embody a version of the rose-and-thistle motif.



3. A RUSTIC PEWTER VESSEL WITH A LONG ANCESTRY: A NORMANDY PICHET WHICH DATES FROM ABOUT 1740 AND IS MEDIÆVAL IN ITS SHAPE AND IN ITS TWIN-ACORN THUMBPIECE.



4. A PIECE OF PEWTER FROM A SHIP OF THE SPANISH ARMADA: THE POWDER-FLASK USED BY THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUNS ON BOARD THE GALLEON "FLORESTIA," WHICH SANK IN TOBERMORY BAY—A RELIC SALVED IN 1912.



5. AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PEWTER TOBACCO-BOX: RELIEF WORK, OVERLAID IN SILVER, EMBODYING THE ROSE-AND-THISTLE MOTIF, WHICH SUGGESTS A CONNECTION WITH THE ACT OF UNION.



2. A NORMANDY CIDER-FLAGON IN PEWTER: A TYPE WHICH IS OF GREAT BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY AND IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO ACQUIRE.

sober good taste one obtains from a well-chosen collection of old pewter is very pleasantly illustrated by a current exhibition at Messrs. Osborne and Company's rooms in Grafton Street, where a great many ewers, dishes, candlesticks, and other objects are displayed in various rooms, with old oak as a background. No doubt others have given similar advice on previous occasions, but the point seems worth emphasising again—that the soft brilliance of well-kept pewter is to be enjoyed best in the mass rather than in single objects; in other words, a single plate on an old Welsh dresser, or against a rough white wall, is well enough, but not to be compared in decorative effect with a dozen. There are those who prefer to leave their pewter dull: this is odd if they have once seen an array properly cleaned. The stuff is easily kept in good condition by the occasional use of a good metal polish, and the labour involved more than pays for itself in the eyes of those





3.P.8.

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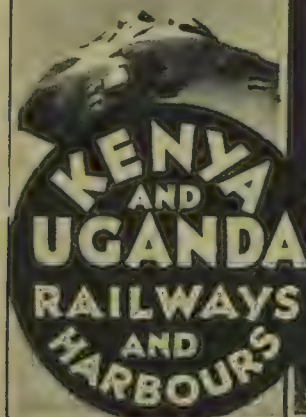
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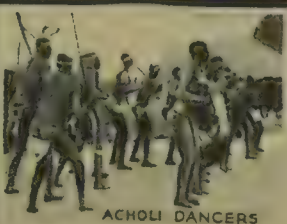
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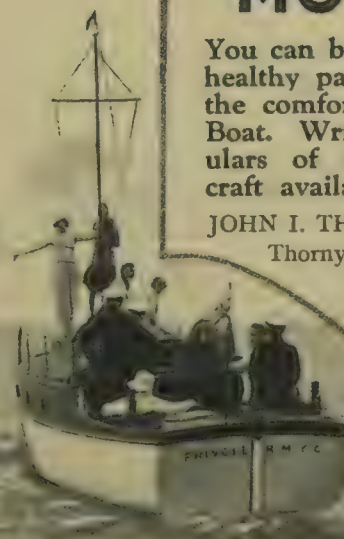


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### THE PLAYHOUSES.

**"TAKE A CHANCE," AT THE WHITEHALL.**

THIS is far from being Mr. Walter Hackett's best play, but it has some amusing situations and lines, and with Miss Marion Lorne as the lead, and an admirable supporting company, it makes very good entertainment. Miss Lorne plays the rôle of the feather-headed proprietor of a garage who, immediately she has become aware she has drawn the favourite in an Irish Sweepstake, learns to her alarm that the horse will be scratched if the owner's wife runs away with her lover. Miss Lorne, therefore, sets out in a ramshackle car in pursuit of the eloping couple, and overtakes them midway between Newmarket and the Croydon aerodrome. As the lady's lover has put his last shirt on the favourite, Miss Lorne has little difficulty in persuading her to return to her husband, and so lull his suspicions until the race has been run. Though amusing, Mr. Hackett's comedy is very disconnected. There is a scene at a police station, in which Mr. Hugh Wakefield impersonates an inebriated private detective, that has practically no connection with the plot. The final scene, a corner of the Paddock at Newmarket, is not nearly as effective as a somewhat similar one in Mr. Edgar Wallace's "The Calendar." Yet, on the whole, the comedy provides very good entertainment. Miss Marion Lorne scores all along the line as the hen-witted ticket-holder; and Mr. Hugh Wakefield, Mr. Charles Quartermaine, Mr. Ian Hunter, Mr. Francis Lister, and Miss Barbara Hoffe all with parts unworthy of their ability, give more than adequate support.

**"THE HOUR GLASS," AT THE VICTORIA PALACE.**

This is a revue that may do well at this somewhat outlying theatre, and is likely to be a big touring success, but it would be rather out of its element at a more central West-End theatre. Chic York and Rose King are a couple of American variety artists who specialise in mid-Victorian burlesques; and it is but fair to say that the great majority of the audience roared whole-heartedly at the fun they extracted from side-whiskers and bustles. The music, provided by "Three Australian Boys" (who, clad for some reason in stewards' uniforms, officiated in

[Continued in Col. 3.]

### CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Illustrated London News," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E PINKNEY (Driffild).—You are usually so accurate that we fear you must have set up Game Problem No. LX. wrongly. Black cannot play 3. KxR, because the R is protected by the White P on Kk3.

ARTHUR McLAURIN (Boston, Mass.).—The I.L.N. Chess Problems have never, so far as we know, been published in book form.

F RIBEIRO (Shanghai).—If you will let us know your exact playing strength, we shall be pleased to advise you.

R B COOKE (Portland, Maine).—We hope to use your two-mover shortly.

GAME PROBLEM No. LXIV.

BLACK (8 pieces).

WHITE (11 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 5r2; 3sr1k1K; 2bP1r1s; 3S1B2; 2BP1Pb; 4QP1P; 8; 3q4.]

We are indebted to Mr. Richard Salem, of Bologna, for this week's Game Problem. He does not give the author's name, and we cannot ask our readers to believe that it ever actually happened—we are afraid it was made, not born. In the diagram position, White played 1. PKt5, whereupon Black announced mate in twenty-two moves, starting with 1. — KtxB!!! To save headaches, we give solvers the tip that in his next six moves Black gets rid of six pieces, and we are sure they will find much amusement on the beach in hunting down the winning process. White plays 1PKt5; Black replies with KtxB, and mates in twenty-one more moves.

the orchestra) was tuneful enough in a humdrum way, but for her sketches, Miss Anona Winn has relied too much upon her memory. These sketches ranged from the old story of the mother who, having heard the amount of Kreisler's yearly income, smacked her offspring's head, and cried: "Now will you practise?" to the even older one of the chambermaid who, instructed to say "Your Grace" to a bishop, began: "For what I am about to receive." There was a clever chorus, whose dances and ensembles were ingeniously arranged by Mr. Ralph Reader. Rebla, best of all comic jugglers, had some amusing scenes, while Miss Kitty Reidy and Mr. Eric Roland sang admirably. The burlesque of "White Horse Inn" was the best item in a moderate programme.

**"FLORODORA," AT DALY'S.**

The gentleman who on the first night of this revival cried out: "Bravo the Victorians!" had every excuse for his enthusiasm, for the late Leslie Stuart's melodies sound strangely tuneful to our jazz-dazed ears. What middle-aged person can forget such delightful numbers as "The Sheltering Palm," "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," "I Want to be a Military Man," and the interpolated "Lily of Laguna"? Miss Violet Code, who played Dolores, is not another Evie Green; she lacked fire, but sang well enough; nor can it be said that Miss Lorna Hubbard shook our loyalty to the original Angela, Miss Kate Cutler. Miss Dorothy Ward, as Lady Holyrood, had, at any rate, nothing to fear in that direction; while the rôle of Anthony Tweedlepunch might have been originally designed to suit the ripe humours of Mr. George Graves. Mr. Dudley Rolph was an excellent Captain Arthur Donegall, and Mr. Charles Stone did extremely well as Cyrus W. Gilfain. The scenery might well have been that used in the original production; it seemed, at least, distinctly "period."

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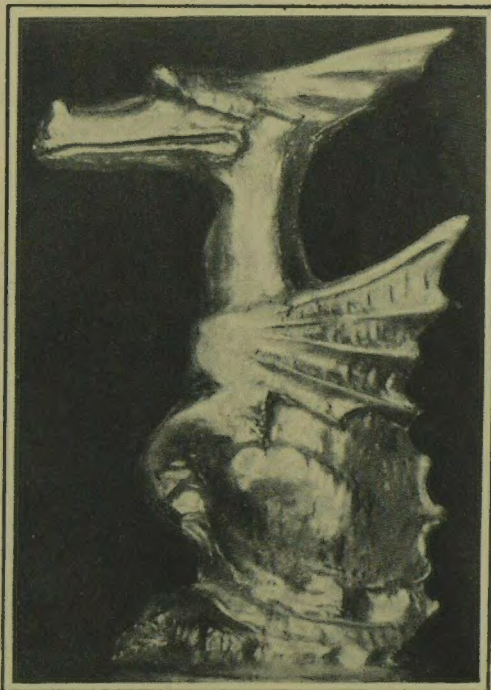
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE Light Car Club proved that their organisation could withstand the fierce assault from the elements when they successfully carried through the first of the motor relay Grand Prix races at Brooklands on July 25. Everybody was drenched almost to the skin by the torrents of rain; the cars raced round the track at eighty and ninety miles an hour, yet there were no bad accidents, and the winning Austin supercharged "Seven" team finished the 250 miles relay race at an average speed of  $81\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour—a wonderful performance in the worst storm any race has been run in on the Brooklands track. Most of the drivers looked upon this race as a preliminary warming-up of the cars which will run in the Tourist Trophy race in Ulster on Aug. 22. Some of the sporting fraternity hoped that they could get a "line" in order to find the winner of that event.

If I may be permitted to venture a word on that point, the only true form exhibited was by the winners. The Earl of March's team of supercharged M.G. Midgets only averaged 75.18 m.p.h. for the race, and finished seventh. They knew that they could not beat the Austin official team on the handicap terms, allowing them three minutes start in a ninety-lap race, so I doubt if the cars were pushed as hard as they might have been had the entrants thought that they had a chance to take first place.

### Anglo-American Midlands Luncheon.

I spent a very enjoyable day at Birmingham on July 14, when I lunched with all the designers and heads of the technical departments of the motor trade in the Midlands, at the invitation of the Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd. Our hosts' hospitality was great, while nearly 150 guests enjoyed the feast, and the company fraternised easily, which always makes for success in a gathering. After a welcoming speech from Mr. Francis E. Powell, the chairman of the A.A. Oil Company, with a few remarks from Mr. Hornby and Mr. C. R. L. Englebach, of the Austin Motor Company—the latter, on behalf of the visitors—two films were shown dealing with the production of lubricating oil and of Pratt's motor-spirit. Mr. Powell pointed out the unique position of this country in being able to draw supplies of oil and motor-spirit from all quarters of the globe. No other country is supplied with these products of such a universally high quality. The Anglo-American Oil Company employ upwards of 8000 English workers in giving Great Britain their product; so, while Anglo-American in name, it is certainly all British in the labour it employs. Oil to-day is being over-produced, hence the price of petrol has fallen 2d. per gallon during the past two months. Some experts seem to expect the price to fall to an even lower level, to the temporary benefit of motor-vehicle users. At the moment of writing, a petrol war is proceeding in

Great Britain. All the old-established petrol distributing concerns have agreed to lower the price of motor spirit, in order to prevent an American invasion by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, selling Cleveland spirit at one shilling a gallon instead of the proper price of 1s. 2½d. per gallon. No fewer than 2,000,000 less cars were sold in the U.S.A. last year, so that the increase of fuel supplies could not be sold to American motorists. Now some of this extra fuel is being sent to England and dumped on this market at any price which it can get from the dealers. Personally, my experience of low-priced fuels has taught me to avoid them, as I hate heavy repair bills caused from indifferently distilled fuels. "Stick to the petrol you are used to," is my motto.

### Tourist Trophy Ulster Race.

An excellent total of fifty-one entries has been received by the R.A.C. for their annual Tourist Trophy race on Aug. 22, over the Ards Circuit, outside Belfast. The full entry list is as follows: Class B, up to 8 litres, Messrs W. F. S. Wilson and B. O. Davis, Mercedes. Class C, up to 5 litres, Major F. H. Cairns, two Invicta, Ettore Bugatti, three Bugattis (the likely winner). Class D, up to 3 litres—Earl Howe, Alfa Romeo, the Alfa Romeo firm three Alfa Romeos, and one Alfa Romeo by Sir Henry Birkin; A. W. Fox, three Talbots; W. Esplen, Talbot; "W. P. Lockwood," two Arrol-Aster; and "R. O. Ormonde," Arrol-Aster; M. C. Morris, two Maserati. Class F, up to 1½ litres: H. J. Aldington, three Frazer-Nash; A. C. Bertelli, three Aston-Martin; T. G. Clarke, Lea-Francis. Class G, up to 1100 c.c., Riley Company, four Rileys; A. F. Ashby, Riley; H. Widengren, Maserati. In the "baby" Class H, up to 750 c.c., Sir Herbert Austin has entered three Austin "Sevens" (supercharged); A. F. Nolan, Austin; S. A. Crabtree, Austin; S. A. Crabtree, M.G. Midget; the Earl of March, three M.G. Midgets (supercharged), and seven other M.G. Midgets by individual private entries. The Austin official cars are to be driven by Leon Cushman, Donald Barnes, and Charles Goodacre. The two former are old T.T. drivers, and Goodacre finished second in the Italian 1000-miles race this year in the 1100-c.c. class. He is a member of the Austin experimental staff.

An entirely new form of jewelled bracelet has been designed and carried out by James Ogden, of Harrogate, whose London salons are at Duke Street, W. This bracelet is exceedingly smart, and has an interchangeable broad band of coloured plaited leather which can be varied to harmonise with every dress. The central ornament of diamonds or other stones can be worn separately as a brooch if desired. Old family jewels can be mounted by this firm in this way, and, as platinum has never been cheaper, now is the moment to have this done. The bracelet, with its band of plaited leather, can be worn with sports clothes, as well as for more formal toilettes.

## THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL AWAKENING OF CHINA.

(Continued from Page 222.)

The finest pieces were not more than half a millimetre thick—about the thickness of a stout visiting-card. These were beautifully moulded, evidently by the wheel, and had a glossy surface resembling that of black lacquer. Chinese ceramic experts who have studied the specimens consider that it would be impossible to reproduce in China to-day these examples of a culture which flourished between 3500 and 4000 years ago. "Hitherto," said Dr. Li Chi, discussing this remarkable discovery, "our knowledge of Neolithic culture in North China has been confined to the 'Yang Shao' painted pottery group discovered along the upper part of the Yellow River from Kansu eastward to Shensi, Shansi, Western Honan, and the southern part of Manchuria. With the exception of a single isolated fragment found on the Anyang site, in Honan, none of this painted pottery has ever been found on the great north-eastern alluvial plain embracing South Chihli, north-east Honan, and the whole of Shantung. We now know that in the Late Neolithic period there were at least two distinctive types of pottery culture in China. This black ware (Figs. 5, 6, and 7) may represent a different development from the painted type, though they were probably co-existent. In neither case was the slightest trace of a written character found, but there is reason to believe that the beginning of historical Chinese culture as represented by bronzes and written scripts developed from both these sources."

A third expedition, conducted jointly by the Freer Gallery of Art, the Shansi Provincial Library, and the Peiping Normal University for Women, has been at work in the south-western corner of Shansi Province at a place called Wa Chia Hsieh, not far from the point at which the Fen River joins the Yellow River. Here excavations carried out upon the site of a Neolithic settlement dating back, perhaps, to between 1500 and 2000 B.C. brought to light a great variety of painted pottery vessels (Fig. 11); also black ware (Fig. 13), earthenware tripods, bone arrow-heads, chisels, hair-pins, and needles, stone axes and knives, perforated discs of jade-like stone, and clay whistles recalling those used by the Central American Indians. Semi-subterranean dwellings, somewhat similar to those found by Dr. Li Chi at Anyang, were encountered (Fig. 3). Roofed over with timber which had then been covered with earth, these cave-like structures were plastered inside with mud, upon which designs had been rudely scratched with the point of a stick. Several of them were equipped with clay stoves which had separate compartments hollowed out to accommodate pottery cooking-vessels. A gruesome find was a pit-dwelling containing a mass of human skulls and other skeletal remains. Many of the bones were broken, and some had been charred by fire, indicating to the archaeologists that these were the victims of what, judging by the remarkable variation in the characteristics of some of the skulls, may very likely have been an inter-tribal fight or perhaps a human sacrifice.

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